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[VOL XIV.

BERKSHIRE.

A TRIBUTE.-1875.



A BERKSHIRE LANDSCAPE:

DEAR land of mountain, vale, and stream,
Of rocky glen and rushing torrent,
Thy charms surpass the foot's dream,
And painter's raptures warrant.

Since modern song the Nine forsakes, And Helicon's old charm refuses, I ask the Naiads of thy lakes To be my gracious Muses!

If from their mirrors I may catch
Some photographs of thy rare beauty,
I'll challenge all the world to match,
Alike, my themes and duty.

Through the green length of thy domain
Has Heaven bestowed its lavish bounty;
And proud the king o'er thee to reign—
His kingdom but a county!

Less than a score of lovely leagues,
From north to south thy fair realm stretches,
And wiles the eye with rare intrigues
Of shades and sunlit reaches.

Here, dusky glens that hide the skies,
And steep the path in glooms uncertain;
There, knolls whence glowing prospects rise,
As through a lifted curtain.

One happy life of mine I spent,
In ten years sweetly, sadly rounded,
The while among thy vales I went,
By bosky mountains bounded.

I cannot boast thy vales are wide—
Though wide I'd gladly sing their praises—
For jealous Nature on each side
A serried bulwark raises

Of mighty sentinels on ward,
All up and down thy verdurous valleys,
Which send their belted scouts abroad,
In bold and frequent sallies.

1875.

Oh, thou art girt about with might
Like fair Jerusalem, the olden;
And from thy hills fall floods of light.
In reseate tints and golden.

Sunrise and sunset both have been To me, in turn, heaven's dazzling portal; Till with sweet sorrow I have seen Their hues were only mortal!

Deep gorges sear thy created hills
With many a foaming torrent ringing,
Whose white wrath spent, the valley fills
With the glad streamlet's singing.

Let him extol the Tweed whose love For foreign scenes is shaped and chronic, In native beauties far above— I praise the Housatonic!

O'er half the Berkshire realm it flows, Through glades that match the glens of Isis;

And rippling now, or rushing goes, In numberless surprises.

A hundred hill-creats in my song
(If detail were my song's intention),
Upon its flowing tide would throng,
With fitting meed of mention.

But Greylock, only, of the host, My lays with their best sheen shall blazon, Thy glory, Berkshire, and thy boast, And fit to lavish praise on!

The gray old monarch to the skies

Lifts up the prigrim's land the nearest,
Supremest in our loyal eyes,
And in our hearts the dearest!

In triple scores thy lakelets lie, Fringed by the birch and maple's shadows, Some nestling in the hill-clefts high, And more that lave the meadows.

How oft at sunset's witching hour
Pve scanned Pontoosue's blue expanses,
Resigned my thoughts to Fancy's power,
And woven old romances—

Of painted braves and dusky maids, The red Mohogan's sons and daughters, Whose love-songs woke the droway glades, And thrilled the limpid waters!—

Till on these dreams of by-gone times Broke rippling peals of song and laughter, And wooed me back with their sweet chimes To like romances after.

For now, as then, from drifting boat, Pontoosuc hears the old, old story, As Berkshire's lovely maidens float In love's young dream and glory.

A hundred years Pontoosuc's shore Has missed the trail of swarthy savage; His wild songs stir the air no more, With din of rout or ravage.

His hunting-grounds beneath the plough, Smile with the golden bloom of gardens, Where, wolf and panther banished now, The lowing herds roam wardens.

The song of labor greets the sun,
And higher swells to noontide's splendor;
Till twilight brings the shadows dun,
And home-joys sweet and tender.

In the dim days of long ago,
Before these scenes were known in story,
Fair were thy vales and streamlets' flow,
And Greylock grand and hoary.

But had I gone a pilgrim then—
Where at sweet will the Hoosac wanders,
And summer on each copse and glen
Her fascination squanders—

Not the old monarch's royal crest, Or awest Onota's smiles had charmed me, While, with their solitudes oppressed, No sacred hearth-fire warmed me!

Then, the grand forms that stood about
The deep, untrodden wildernesses,
Had been but walls that barred me out
From happy home-caresses.

Ah! Berkshire homes to Berkshire give
Its strongest charm and spells most tender:

He who would gauge their depths must live Amid their summer splendor.

To him, the drear, alternate waste
Of winter snows o'er vales and mountains,
Will touch to sharper edge his taste
For draughts from June's sweet fountains.

And should the wine of summer spare His still unsated senses sober, Thy hills will spread a feast more rare, With vintage of October.

The purple viueyards of Tokay
Are pale to Berkshire's autumn passion;
When maples, flushed with swift decay,
In fervent hillside fushion

Glow like some grand cathedral-floor, With bright mosaics tessellated, Heedless how soon they'll shine no more, By winter desolated!

Sweet rural homes by vale and hill,
The arching elms and maples shadow,
Where sire and son to bounty till
The upland and the meadow.

Nor rustic manners only rule—
'Mid simple and sequestered beauties
Their hardy folk from fashion's school
Soon catch the social duties.

Of thrifty villages a score—
In honest emulation flourish;
Where culture broadens more and more,
With all the arts they nourish.

Home of my heart for happy years, Of all the Berkshire land the centre— How marred and vain my song appears, 'Till thus I bid thee enter!

'Twas well-done of thy sires of old To link thy name with Pitt's in story; How could their sons be less than bold, To win their country's glory?

Our country's friend—the noble Pitt— Who braved for her an angry nation, Thy name enshrines with honor fit, And long commemoration!

Too soon, alas! I said "Farewell,"
O lovely village, mine's the pity!
Since thou wilt break thy rustic shell
And soon come forth a city:

Among the hills to sit a queen, Fair Berkshire's opulent metropolis; Her citadel in strength serone, Her mountain-girt Aeropolis.

Like the famed Athens to her Greece, Be thou to Berkshire, hill and valley; Thy wisdom, and thine arts, increase— With hers of old keep tally.

'Mid the green charms of Maplewood, Well nourished at its founts Pierian— Come thy sweet girls to womanhood, And each to her Hyperion!

Speed well thy generous walls that rise Cradle of Berkshire's Athenæum; And from its dome awake the skies With jubilant Te Deum!

So prosper in thy growth, fair town, Most fit to wear the civic honor, 'Till rivals say—who see thy crown— "How well it sits upon her!"

I have gone sadly forth from thee,

To miss and mourn rare visions ever;
Thy hills, vales, lakes, and skies, will be
Lost to my memory never.

And if no more in thy green glades, In spring's bright noons I'm fondly straying,

I'll keep in mind the blithesome maids Who went with me a-Maying.

Our merry rides to Lulu Ope, Our frolies by its dancing waters, The pink arbutus on its slope, And my own pink-cheeked daughters.

'Twas there my lissome lad was wont
The lusty chestnut-trees to plunder—
Up their great boles, from friendly shunt,
He clambered to my wonder.

The frost-nipped burrs upon the grass,
As from an autumn blast, came raining,
Till, from the the tempest, lad and lass
Fled with a mock complaining.

My lithesome boy! Upon his grave
Drop shatters from the sombre spruces;
His virtues now are all I have—
Death makes and keeps no truces!

I think, if under Berkshire sod My darling boy, with Death, lay sleeping, Though nearer, dearer naught to God, 'Twould sweeten my sore weeping.

I left no grave beneath its ground—
My little interests throng above it;
Less solemn thus, and less profound,
But Berkshire soil—I love it!

Thus mingled memories still will sweep
My heart to sweet and sad vibrations;
I'll banish these, while those I keep—
My exile's recreations.

Thy sons, O Berkshire! grown to fame—
In lore and art, in song and letters—
Carve, here and there, a lustrous name,
And make us all thy debtors.

How runs through all thy annals back
The name of Allen—son and father!—
Whose gleams of light, along their track,
With grateful zest we gather—

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BERKSHIRE HILLS.

Till, in the focus of our eyes,

The name and virtues shine resplendent,

of the old parson brave as wise,

And his revered descendant.

Thy fields, in summer's glow that smile, Reflect their beauty in my verses; But fame of other Fields, the while, 'Tis fit my song rehearses.

The tongue and pen by turn they wield, And stir the land to quiet wonder; While one has made himself a Field— Across the seas and under!

Once a weird spell on thy pure air
Wrought error's madness in thy prophet,
And drove the world to fright and prayer,
Till time made nothing of it!

One nameless here—that men may guess, Not once to man or God a traitor, In wisdom great, nor judgment less, But in pure goodness greater.

Fair Stockbridge, for the Sedgwick race, 'Mid all her storied charms is prouder, And, with their name and dwelling-place, Her happy fame rings louder.

There the great Edwards leaves his name Carven in Scotia's sunny granite; His stronger books project his fame For a world's gaze to scan it.

Forbear the serious task, my song,
The roll of Berkshire's worthies calling;
Thy silence cannot do them wrong
In reverence on them falling.

Fit service this for happier pen,
Dipped in the fount of praise perennial,
To fire the hearts of Berkshire men,
At Berkshire's bi-centennial!

I thank the Naiads of thy lakes, Whose spells have wrought my verse so pliant,

The sweet occasion here it takes To breathe the name of Bryant.

Thy step-son—all the world will say— Born but a step thy boundaries over; Let Hampshire claim him as she may, He's thine by writ of trover.

Great master of all Nature's songs, Forgive my trespass at thy fountains ; Only to thee my theme belongs, Laureate of vales and mountains.

So little of my rhymes I boast,
Thy heart of grace will grant them pardon;
For I have blindly culled, at most,
A few weeds from thy garden.

Here pause, my song, lest, by excess,
Thou and the bard are both defeated;
I pray thy end be welcomed less
Than Hoosac's bore, completed!

Dear land of mountains, vales, and streams, Dear home for ten delicious summers, Who leave thee, wake from happy dreams, And dream of heaven—new-comers!

Where'er I roam from thee apart,
Be thou of my devotion fearless,
My cynosure of eye and heart,—
Preëminent and fearless.

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CONSEQUENCE OF CARVING A NAME.

"A comfort and a consolation to 'Mela:" this Joanna had firmly resolved to be. But, unfortunately for the success of this praiseworthy intention, favorable conditions were wanting. Miss Basil had grown suspicious, and would not now be followed about as of old. When Joanna, bent upon being a comfort and a consolation, pleaded hard for the privilege of sitting with her at work, of fanning her, of threading her needles, the distrustful woman complained bitterly that the child grew more troublesome every day.

So Joanna fell back upon her own resources again. A week went by, and the long, uneventful summer days came and passed, one day like another, just as she had foreseen when she bade young Hendall goodby at the gate. She could not help sighing a little for his return, and she sighed more than a little, when, one morning she happened to overhear his aunt say, in reply to some question Miss Basil had asked about his room, that he would not return for a

^{*}ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

month. Miss Basil, finding her a few moments afterward sitting listlessly by the hall-window up-stairs, told her, sharply, to go take some exercise. She always spoke sharply now to Joanna, by way of forestalling inopportune remarks.

"May I go with you, 'Mela?" asked she, plaintively, seeing Miss Basil tie on her hat.

"No, child, no," answered Miss Basil, quickly. "I'm only going to the Griswolds. They're down, as usual, with chills, and you can do no good. Go run about the garden."

But, in the days of June, one begins to tire a little of a garden. Joanna walked languidly to her favorite alcove, and there sat down, opposite the mimosa-tree. It comforted her a little to sit and gaze at her name, carved in the bark. It was one of her silly fancies that the tree always had a message for her; and it said now:

"Be of good cheer, Joanna; Pamela is cross and secret; the days are dull and long; but time, that goes so slowly now, will go swiftly enough one day; everybody is not cross, everybody is not secret!"

Now Mrs. Basil, in compliance with Dr. Garnet's advice, had adopted the babit of walking in the garden for the good of her health; and passing by the alcove late this morning, she was moved by some gracious impulse to etop and speak to the forlorn little dreamer sitting there. Instead of passing Joanna by with a nod and a smile, as was her ordinary habit, she asked pleasantly, what charm so retired a spot could have for a young girl?

But Joanna, unaccustomed to such notice from the grandmamma, was not ready with a reply; and while she hesitated shyly, Mrs. Basil's wandering eyes were arrested by the name on the mimosa-tree.

"Ah! I comprehend perfectly," said she, nodding her head with an effort at playfulness. "At your age, Joanna, it is natural that such trifles should give pleasure; but, indeed, I should never have believed Mr. Basil Redmond capable of so much romence. It certainly is a very pretty piece of romance to carve your name on the tree his own hands planted when a boy. Trust me, I shall keep his secret." And Mrs. Basil, well pleased with a discovery that seemed to flatter her hopes, was about to pass on, when Joanna, whose sturdy truthfulness would not permit her to keep silence, exclaimed, with a sudden rush of telltale color:

"But it was Mr. Hendall!"

Mrs. Basil uttered an involuntary cry, as though she had received a blow; but she was both too well-bred and too politic to express her vexation in words. With one keen, quick glance at Joanna, hanging her head in confusion, she deliberately adjusted the glasses upon her near-sighted eyes, and calmly scrutinized the now obnoxious carving for a few seconds, during which she was deciding upon the course to be pursued. This done, she remarked, quietly, but not without a certain irrepressible scorn, as she removed her glasses:

"It is neatly done; my nephew has quite a pretty talent for such fancy-work," and walked away with her head exalted.

Joanna, utterly incapable though she was

of defining the confusion that overwhelmed, understood Mrs. Basil intuitively. Not all the wisdom that poor Miss Basil had been preaching for years could enable her to perceive her own folly in dreaming over the idle work of young Hendall's knife; but her feminine instinct revealed to her, on the instant, the grandmamma's antagonism.

"Everybody is against me!" she cried, passionately, when Mrs. Basil had passed out of sight; "and I am not—I am not to blame!"

But Mrs. Basil, who prided herself upon being a thoroughly reasonable woman, perceived clearly enough that Joanna was not to blame. It was no part of her policy to treat the child with harshness. She began now to manifest a great solicitude about the health and well-being of her husband's granddaughter; but none the less was she determined to put a peremptory end to her nephew's incipient folly; and to do it so that her motives should not be suspected.

Not that Mrs. Basil was ashamed of her motives, however. She persuaded herself, now as heretofore, that she was influenced at least as much by a consideration for Joanna's welfare as by solicitude for Arthur's future: and she began to reproach herself for having neglected to answer Miss Hawkesby's letter. She had found Basil Redmond so utterly impracticable that she saw plainly she must give up any hope of counteracting Arthur's folly through his agency; but something might be done by working upon old Miss Hawkesby: if by any means Joanna could be quietly and properly sent out of the way during Arthur's absence! Mrs. Basil resolved to try what could be done to bring this about. Accordingly, she called on Mrs. Stargold, a step that could not excite suspicion, for she went there every day or two; and she contrived very adroitly to turn the conversation upon Miss Hawkesby, without mentioning her name. She wished to arrive at the old lady's address without asking for it; and here Mrs. Ruffner came to her aid-Mrs. Ruffner that always told every thing she knew. From her Mrs. Basil learned that Miss Hawkesby had gone to pass the summer in a little place called Rockville, a very quiet little town, with no attraction but its climate. "Just the place for her to take Joanna to," thought Mrs. Basil, complacently; and when she went home she wrote old Miss Hawkesby a really touching letter about her little grandniece, giving the old lady to understand that the child's health would be benefited by a change.

When old Miss Hawkesby received this letter, she was suffering from a fit of indigestion, brought on by eating biscuits made of soda and lard, slightly flavored with flour. "Not that I like the things," she said, to a fellow-boarder, and fellow-sufferer, "but they give you no other bread. If I were a millionaire, which I am not, more's the pity for the country, I'd found an institution of cookery. Hear our landlady's daughter now tinkling breathless jigs on a tuneless piano! Mightn't she learn the fair proportions of a Southern biscuit at a far less cost and a far greater profit? How can we esteem ourselves a respectable people, a civilized peo-

ple, when we sit down to such a conglomeration of grease and alkali and call it—food? For my part, I think it impious to say grace over such a meal; it is tempting Providence, to eat it."

Miss Hawkesby, by way of economy, sometimes betook herself to little obscure places, that, boasting of good water and fine air, allured the unwary by cheap board, and betrayed them by bad fare. "I like to know what places to avoid in my course through life," Miss Hawkesby would say, and be at a retreat. Now, Rockville was one of those places she never wished to see again; and it was just in this mood that Mrs. Basil's letter found her. "The little Joanna again," she said, as she read. "She needs a change, does she? Ho! ho! Why, so do I! No, no; I'll not bring my little grandniece to this place. When I wish to poison my nearest relations, I'll choose a more refined instrument than a Rockville biscuit. If I stay here much longer, Anita will grow to look like a hag. One can't live on air alone, and as to climate, any place is endurable until September, provided one can get something to eat ; so I'll pick Miss Anita up, and go to Middleborough for a little while. I don't wish to neglect my other niece utterly; and I'd like to see for myself whether it is she or Mrs. Basil that needs a change."

So Miss Hawkesby sent off a letter forthwith to Mrs. Basil, and the next day but one she packed her trunks, and Rockville knew her no more.

Mrs. Basil was more surprised than pleased at this proceeding. She had not desired a visit from Miss Hawkesby, who, of course, would be accompanied by Anita; and, if there was danger in Joanna, would there not be double danger in that prettier and more accomplished sister? But, fortunately, Arthur was absent; Miss Hawkesby might go, taking Joanna with her, before he returned, if only a little diplomacy could be brought to bear effectively upon her: and since, in any event, the visit was not to be avoided, Mrs. Basil wisely determined to make the best of it.

Of course the expected arrival must be announced without delay to Miss Basil, for it would be necessary to engage another servant; Miss Hawkesby would naturally expect to be waited upon like a lady. But Mrs. Basil did not think it necessary to impart to Miss Basil the particulars of her correspondence with Joanna's aunt; she wished the visit, since it was inevitable, should bear the appearance of a voluntary compliment to the child. Miss Basil, however, was more inclined to look upon it as foreboding an unjustifiable interference with her own rights over Joanna, and she took on a most doleful spirit.

Not so the little Joanna: she was full of a restless delight at the prospect. She could remember her sister but indistinctly, and her old aunt not at all. They seemed to her almost like myths, so little part had they taken in her life; and the prospect of meeting them, to which she had always unconsciously looked forward as one of the vague possibilities of the future, was now like the realization of one of her glorious dreams.

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Joans to my when

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child," said Miss Basil, shaking her head delefully; " but I should fail in my duty if I and not warn you that life is full of disappointments. What do you know of Anita and old Miss Hawkesby ? "

"That's Pamela's doleful way," thought Joanna, impatiently. "She sees a canker in erery bud. I shall just have to keep my joy

But this was more than Joanna could do when any chance of sympathy offered.

The day before her aunt and sister were expected, greatly to her surprise and gratifiestion, Arthur Hendall unexpectedly returned. The great Westport and Brookville Road, undertaken with so large promise of success, was is trouble; lack of funds had brought the work to a sudden stand-still, and this young civil-engineer was under the necessity of taking his leisure at Basilwood. His aunt velcomed him with a sigh. Being a woman, the was privileged to indulge inconsistent regrets. "Ah! if he were planting, he would not thus be subject to the caprice of Fortune," she sadly thought, forgetful of the caterpillar and the boll-worm that had so often blighted her prospects. The truth was, however, that she felt she could have managed old Miss Hawkesby much better in his absence. But the little Joanna, burdened with no plots and counterplots, was unaffectedly glad to see him. He came by the early morning train, and, as she was going into town to make some necessary purchases, she met him walking along the shady road.

"O Mr. Hendall!" she cried, stretching out her hands. "I thought you were to be away a whole month longer, and here you are!"

"And are you glad to see me, Joanna?" said Arthur, taking her two hands in his. "You have not forgotten me?"

"I haven't so many to remember that I should forget you," said Joanna. "And, indeed, I am glad to see you, for something memorable is about to happen."

"Ah!" said Arthur, pretending to look ferce. "Has it any thing to do with my rival and enemy?"

Joanna started.

"I mean Mr. dmond."
"Why should you talk in that way to me?" said Joanna, coloring. "I am notconcerned about him. I want to tell you that my sister is coming to see me, and my aunt, she is coming too.'

"Your sister?" repeated Arthur, in surprise. "I-I did not know that you had a sister."

"My-half-sister," explained truthful Jo-

anna, with some unwillingnesa, "Before our father died we were together; but since we were little children we have not met. She has lived with our great-aunt, and has seen the sported 11

"But," said Arthur, bluntly, "why has the never been to see you before ?"

"Oh," replied Joanna, hastily, and coloring with vexation, "visits, you know, are not always-convenient between relations. Why, you yourself haven't visited the grandmamma until just now 9 "

"That is true," said Arthur, coloring in

his aunt a visit until it happened to be the most convenient thing he could do.

" Now," continued Joanna, "my aunt, Miss Hawkesby-"

"Hawkesby? Then your sister is Anita-Miss Anita Hawkesby?" exclaimed Arthur, with a start. " I never would have thought it. But then-how should I, when your name is Basil ? "

"My name is Hawkesby," said Joanna. " Not know my name?"

"Joanna, forgive me!" cried Arthur, impulsively seizing her hands. "Was it not enough for me to know that you are Joanna, and that you let me call you so?"

The color rose swiftly in Joanna's face, called up less by the words, indeed, than by the tone in which they were uttered. She forgave him on the instant, in one eloquent glance, his ignorance of her name. Then, anxious to escape the half-painful, half-pleasing embarrassment she felt, she asked:

"And you know Anita, my sister, then?" "Undoubtedly, and old Miss Hawkesby, too," replied Arthur, instantly assuming a calmer manner. He began to wish that he had not allowed himself so much empressement in his interviews with Joanna. It was a way he had of making himself agreeable, and girls in society understood it; but Jo-

" Tell me about her," entreated Joanna. "About old Miss Hawkesby?" asked Ar-

thur, with a forced laugh.

anna was not a girl in society.

"Old Miss Hawkesby, my aunt," said Joanna, leniently, "is elderly, and, I suppose, has ways of her own-"

"Unquestionably," interpolated Arthur.

"But Anita-I wish you would tell me about Anita. Tell me the most interesting thing you know about her."

"The most interesting thing I know about her, I think, concerns a lover.'

"How do you know she has a lover?" asked Joanna, with a quick look.

" Haven't all girls lovers ? "

"I don't know; yes, I suppose so. Is he tender and true ? "

"Good Heavens, Joanna!" cried Arthur, laughing. "What should you know about the characteristics of lovers?"

"Nothing," Joanna answered, coloring. " I-but I have my ideas, all the same. So, go on, please-that is, if you think Anita would not mind?" she added, hesitatingly, restrained by an innate sense of delicacy.

"I don't think she would mind," said Arthur, with a short laugh. "I never knew a girl yet that had the least objection to publishing her conquests-or, rather, to having them published by others."

"Well?" said Joanna, impatiently.

"As to her having one lover, it is no secret that she has two."

"Oh, I dare say, and more besides," answered Joanna. "It was to be expected, Anita is so very lovely. But I'll not stay to hear about any of them. You take up all my time."

Arthur, leaning against a tree in careless ease, and fanning himself with his hat. thought that he had never seen any girl look so pretty as Joanna did just then. Little did tis turn, for he had not thought of making he care for wasting the morning; he was con-

tent to enjoy life while he could. He intended that Joanna should stay and amuse him while she looked so spirited and so pretty. He was not making love to her, and where was the harm?

"Stay, Joanna!" he cried, "and I'll tell you about both of them : there is the younger one to begin with, a boy, old Miss Hawkesby calls him; he is no fatorite of hers; she declares that he is 'no match at all;' that's Miss Hawkesby's formula for anathema maran-atha."

"I dare say Miss Hawkesby's judgment is-correct; she knows the world," remarked

"Don't you grow worldly, Joanna, I beg!" said Arthur, with a short, uneasy laugh. "I don't wish you to uphold that other lover, who is no favorite of mine."

"What does my aunt, Miss Hawkesby, think of him?"

"Your aunt, Miss Hawkesby, thinks very well of him. He is past his youth, and his hair is scant; but he is said to have great expectations, and he suits old Miss Hawkesby."

"I dare say my aunt knows best," said Joanna, sedately; "I hope my sister will never throw herself away upon any trifling young man. What is his name? I mean that other one?"

"Ah, there you must excuse me," replied Arthur, with an amused smile. "To name names, in such a case, would be treason."

"It is getting late, and you have had no breakfast," said Joanna, abruptly. If she had been a little older, and a little more experienced, she would have known that no hungry man would voluntarily delay his breakfast to talk about any girl's lovers.

CHAPTER XX.

ANITA, BELLE D'INDOLENCE.

ALL that day Joanna labored under s sense of uneasiness that she knew well enough was to be referred to the revelations Arthur had made; yet, like any other weak mortal, she shrank from self-knowledge, and refused to understand why her prophetic soul was alarmed by the mention of the young man whom her aunt, Miss Hawkesby, did not like; but-was it not an idle young man that had cut her name on the mimosa-tree?

A good night's rest, however, restored the equilibrium of her spirits, and, with the buoyancy natural to her age, Joanna, the next morning, made herself ready to welcome Miss Hawkesby and Anita.

Mrs. Basil also had risen betimes, certainly a very great effort for her, and was attired with some care, in order to do honor to her expected guests; but Arthur and Miss Basil were invisible. Arthur was indulging in the latest possible nap; and Miss Basil, though rather defiant of Miss Hawkesby, was anxious the breakfast should be a success.

The little Joanna was anxious about nothing but her toilet. The grandmamma herself had hinted a wish that her husband's granddaughter should make a good impression, and Joanna certainly spared no pains

to look well. The cars were late that morning, and there was ample time to study the effect of her various little adornments. Did her skirts puff out properly at the back? Was her hair arranged in good style? Should she wear a sash or an apron? Alas! there was no one to decide this last momentous question: and Joanna tried the effect of each repeatedly, dividing the time of waiting between the mirror and the piazza-steps, and was at last surprised in both sash and apron when the carriage appeared at the gate; for Joanna was not so absorbed in the question of dress but that she could forget it utterly in the joy of welcoming the nearest relation she had in the world. Oblivious, therefore, of the sash that was in the way of the apron, and of the apron that half obscured the glories of the sash, she rushed forward the moment the carriage stopped, to clasp in her eager embrace a figure so enveloped in duster and veils that it was difficult to divine what manner of creature she was.

"Oh, spare me!" exclaimed a soft voice. "My dearest, you are as bad as a railroad accident! Don't demolish me altogether, I beg!" And then the speaker kissed Joanna twice through her veil, and, turning to Mrs. Basil, said, as she shook hands: "I'll not venture to show my face yet; I'm not fit to be seen. I know!"

Mrs. Basil smiled, and said, rather absently, that she should do as she pleased. Miss Hawkesby was to her a much more important personage than Anita, and her whole attention was taken up in waiting upon that lady's deliberate descent from the carriage.

"Is the step safe? I say, Anita, is the step safe?" asked Miss Hawkesby, hoarsely. " I've no notion of breaking my bones, I do

Not a word, not a thought, not a glance, for any one had she, until she was safe upon the ground.

"My dear Miss Hawkesby," said Mrs. Basil, with unction, and extending both hands, " I am charmed to welcome you to Basilwood. I trust that you feel no ill effects from your

"Thank you," said Miss Hawkesby, with first a steady look at Mrs. Basil, and then a sweeping glance all around her, that failed, however, to take in the little Joanna. "So this is Basilwood? Bears evidence of having been a fine old place. However, that may be said of most places in the South now. We describe ourselves in the past tense, which is highly respectable at least. Oh! and this is Joanna, my niece?" she asked, with sudden recognition, as Joanna timidly advanced .-"How do you do, child? You may give me a kiss. A regular Basil, you are; I always said so, though you were but a baby when your father brought you to see me. I hope to Heaven you are not sickly!"

"No, madam," Joanna answered, rather to Mrs. Basil's confusion; "I am always well."

"Oh! Pamela tells me," Mrs. Basil hastened to say, " that she has a very poor appetite."

"Well, well, we shall see about that," said Miss Hawkesby. "As for me, a long fast has given me an admirable appetite. I she never refused it, no matter how it was

shall do justice to your breakfast, Mrs. Ba-

"Will you go to your room first?" asked Mrs. Basil. "Joanna shall show you the way."

So Joanna went with Miss Hawkesby into the room prepared for her, saw that she had every thing she needed, and then ushered Anita into her own little sanctum, which they were to occupy together, and which she had adorned with flowers, in honor of the occa-

"What a funny little den!" cried Anita, running up to the muslin-draped toilet-table. "And, oh, horror! what a distorting little glass! I'm a fright to behold!"

Joanna had not yet seen her sister's face, and, before Anita turned round from the contemplation of its distorted reflection, Miss Hawkesby called, hoarsely:

"Joanna! Joanna, child! I say, come here!" and Joanna hastened to obey.

"Are you good at waiting on people?" asked Miss Hawkesby, with a searching look that made Joanna shrink, and stammer that she did not know; she would do her best.

"We shall see," said Miss Hawkesby. "If you've any talent that way, it's more than your sister has. Help me off with my things. Thank you, you are quite handy. It's a pity you are such a regular Basil."

Poor Joanna did not know it, but to be "a regular Basil" was extremely reprehensible in Miss Hawkesby's estimation. She had never forgiven her nephew's second mar-

"Just unpack my satchel, will you?" "That'll do: continued Miss Hawkesby. and now run down-stairs and bring me word how soon I may expect breakfast."

Away went Joanna, and presently returned with the welcome tidings that breakfast would be ready in about ten minutes.

"Oh, thank you," said Miss Hawkesby. "I'm glad to hear it, for I'm starving."

"May I go now?" asked Joanna, tim-

She was very anxious to see Anita; but she stood in great awe of Miss Hawkesby.

"Oh, yes; you may go," answered Miss Hawkesby. "You'll find that Anita likes being waited on quite as much as I do."

Anita had bathed her face, and given a touch to her hair, and, divested now of her veils and wraps, she was a creature to challenge admiration. There was just sufficient likeness between the little Joanna and herself to make the difference between them the more marked. Each had the same dark, deep eyes, the same mobile mouth and dimpled chin, the same white, slightly-irregular teeth, the same willing grace; but there all likeness ended, for Anita was dazzlingly fair, with a delicate peach-blow color, and a profusion of pale, blond hair, "in most admired dis-

Joanna, seeing her now for the first time unobscured by wraps and veils, stopped short in unaffected admiration.

"O Anita!" she exclaimed, "how lovely you are! You look just like a fashion-plate. I am so glad you are my sister."

Anita was accustomed to homage, and

offered. She laughed-and a rippling laugh. like music, had she-clapped her hands softly, and said:

"A genuine compliment! But compliments are always more acceptable put in a more graceful form, remember. There's a hint, my novice, that may serve as a lesson in savoir faire for you."

"Oh, yes; thank you, Anita," said Joanna, with a palpitating heart. "I will remember; and you'll find me attentive and willing to improve. I've had no one to teach me the -the convenances, you know" (Joanna could use French, too), "and all that. 'Mela is very, very good; but she is what is called a -recluse, you see!"

"Who is 'Mela?" asked Anita, with a lazy, rising inflection.

She-why, you know, Miss Basil, Pamela, my cousin that takes care of me."

"Ah, I remember," replied Anita, with a show of interest. " A woman with a history, or a mystery."

Joanna turned pale, and shivered with a feeling that she was pursued by an appari-

"Why, what is it, child?" asked Anita, half laughing.

"Indeed, I don't know; would you mind telling me, Anita ?" said poor Joanna, drawing nearer. Though she had resolved not to annoy Miss Basil with further questions, she saw no reason why Anita should not tell her all she knew about this painful sub-

"I've a wretched memory for such things," said Anita, indifferently, and suppressing a yawn. "There was something about Miss Basil having a romantic history in a letter my aunt had from Mrs. Ruffner, and she had it, what there was of it, from Mrs. Carl Tomkins. Do you know Mrs. Carl Tomkins?" she asked, with reviving inter-

"Yes, oh yes," answered unsophisticated Joanna. "I dined with her the other day."

Her mind was sensibly relieved by her sister's placid indifference to Miss Basil's romantic history. It surely couldn't be so great a matter, after all, she hoped.

"Oh, indeed, you dine with Mrs. Carl Tomkins?" said Anita, rousing herself with increased interest.

"She dined here, that is," explained Joanna, with rising color; " and by the grandmamma's desire I was present."

"Oh, that's different, you know," said Anita. "A pleasant woman, she is; so good at charade-parties, and that sort of thing."

"Is she? O Anita! do you suppose she will have a charade-party while you are here ?" (eagerly).

"Possibly she may, if I ask her to. How intense you are, child! that's not good style. And what a regular little guy you have made of yourself with sash and apron both. What possessed you?"

"Indeed, I did not know that I had on both," answered Joanna, coloring furiously, and snatching at the apron so that the pins flew out hither and thither. "Of course, I knew better."

"Don't you be offended," said Anita, esressingly. "You know, Joanna, I take a

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sisterly pride in you. You are a dear child "-giving her cheek a little pat-" and I sha'n't ever let you make a guy of yourself. And now, can't you contrive to have my breakfast sent up to me? I really am incapable of making a toilet."

"But-but-" stammered Joanna, who dreaded to have her sister do any thing that would impress Miss Basil unfavorably, "no toilet-no special toilet is necessary, surely. There is only the grandmamma and ber nephow Mr. Hendall-Mr. Arthur Hendall, whom you know already."

"Do I?" said Anita, falling back sleepily upon the lounge. "What kind of person is he ? "

"Why, Anita, you know," said Joanna the simple, with a quick throb.

"I know so many people, child," said Anita, with an appealing sigh.

"Yes, certainly," Joanna assented leniently; "but then I should think that you would remember Mr. Arthur Hendall," and she sighed, unconsciously.

"Don't be a goose, my dear little sister. I foresee that I must take you under my wing in a great many ways."

"O Anita!" said Joanna, with feeling; "I have missed you so many years !"

Thereupon a silence followed, which Anitawas too much of an artist in her way to interrupt. She liked to enjoy the effect of all she said and did. She meant to be very foad of Joanna, and she meant that Joanna should adore her; of course it would be very pleasant to be adored by her "dear little sister," and it would look so well!

And Joanna? She was quite ready to adore Anita, no doubt; and also to profit largely by the example and instructions of one who could reveal the delicate arts and mysteries pertaining to young ladyhood. It would be unjust to say that more of selfishbess mingled with Anita's sisterly sentiments than with Joanna's; for each was influenced by her own individuality.

But old Miss Hawkesby presently appeared at the door, and interrupted the silence that had been filled on Joanna's part at least, it is safe to say, with thoughts too big for utterance.

"Anita, what does this mean? Not going down to breakfast?" said the old lady, with a show of displeasure that took all the bravery out of Joanna at the first word.

But Anita was not so easily overawed.

"Dear aunt, I am so tired," said she, in a plaintive, coaxing way. She was as good at defying authority as Joanna; but her way of doing it was altogether different, and, as the herself would have said, "more becoming."

"Not more tired than I am, surely!" said old Miss Hawkesby, hoarsely. " However, lave your own way, as you always do."

And with this she sailed magnificently

"Just like aunt!" cried Anita, with a laugh. "Don't look so scared, child; she's not half so formidable as she seems. Your rigid, strenuous - looking people never are. Nothing so easy as to demolish their outworks, if you only know how. Soft, yieldinglooking little things like me are your true make you do my bidding in spite of your conscience."

Joanna listened with the air of one receiving valuable instruction from a celebrated professor in human nature. If it had been any other than Anita uttering this last dictum, she might have doubted; but she was ready to surrender a blind belief to all Anita did and said.

"Now, Joanna, you see how exhausted I am; could I not have my breakfast here?"

"Yes, surely," Joanna answered promptly; she herself had eaten nothing-excitement had destroyed her appetite; but Anita was by no means incapable of enjoying the meal she brought up to her, in defiance of Miss Basil's wrath.

But Anita had hardly appeased her hunger when Miss Hawkesby came back, to all appearances more formidable than ever. "Anita, I thought you told me young Hendall was at Brookville ? "

"Isn't he at Brookville, ma'am?" said Anita, opening her eyes, with innocent wonderment.

"He is in this very house!" said Miss Hawkesby, severely.

"It must be so, if you've seen him," said Anita, with an air of conviction; "but, really, ma'am, I couldn't believe it when Joanna told it me."

Miss Hawkesby turned suddenly to Joanna. "And what do you know about him, you simpleton?" said she.

" N-nothing," stammered Joanna, quailing under her aunt's eyes. "He is the grandmamma's nephew."

"I'm not going to bite, child," laughed old Miss Hawkesby, who rather enjoyed the terror she inspired. "I'm not half so dangerous to a little fool like you as he is. I hope he doesn't amuse himself at your expense."

"I—I don't know," stammered Joanna.
"I had a mind," said Miss Hawkesby, slowly, with a look of disapproval at Anita-"I had a mind to pick you up and leave forthwith; but I sha'n't do it-I shall stay."

"They do make such excellent biscuits here," said Anita, with artful simplicity.

"It is impossible, Anita," said Miss Hawkesby, with an air of great profundity-"it is impossible for you, you butterfly, to divine the depths of my mind."

"Dear aunt, I was thinking of your digestion!" Anita said this, leaning back on the lounge with her hands clasped behind her head, and her eyes half closed. "I wish we might take Joanna with us!"

"I'm not going away, I told you," said Miss Hawkesby in her deepest tones.

"Is it the biscuits you are staying for?" asked Anita, drowsily.

"Anita, you are impertinent!" said her aunt, and walked away. She thought she had discovered the source of Mrs. Basil's solicitude about Joanna-as if Joanna, her niece, was not good enough for young Hendall! Miss Hawkesby thought she would stay and look into that little game, and pay Mrs. Basil in her own coin, and Anita should never suppose she, Olivia Hawkesby, couldn't cope with young Hendall. And so Miss bresistibles. I'll engage, Joanna, that I'll Hawkesby composed herself for a nap.

"It is the biscuit, I tell you, Joanna," said Anita, when her aunt had gone. "Aunt is not a great eater-not a gourmande, you understand; but she has a tendency to dyspepsia. It is useful to know people's weaknesses, mental, moral, and physical. Now, Joanna, if you will take care that I am not disturbed, I will take a sleep, in order to be fresh for the evening.

"Dinner is at half-past five," said Joanna, with a feeling that, if Anita wished dinner brought up to her, it would be all right, except for 'Mela's wrath. On 'Mela's account she did hope Anita would go down to dinner. 'Mela had such a triumphant way of seeing a fault in Anita-hadn't she shown it about the breakfast?"

"Call me in time to dress, then," said Anita, drowsily. "Oh!" rousing herself suddenly, "and meantime, child, as I dare say you have little enough to do, you may amuse yourself by unpacking for me!" Anita made it a principle never to do any thing for herself that she could charm any one else into doing, and thus she contrived to live a remarkably easy life.

REUBEN LEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

ROAD winds beside green hills, and is A carried terrace-like across a valley leading to the sea. A village is scattered along this road in unsociable fashion, two or three cottages at a time, with a space between the groups, as if the inhabitants of the little cob-walled, thatched dwellings were too quarrelsome for nearer neighborhood.

Not quite a mile below the road the sea shows in a large, opal triangle against the pale sky, and on each side high cliffs, wooded and grass-grown, guard the shingled entrance to Mercombe Mouth. Three valleys from among the green hills unite to form this one. which leads to the sea, and through this a river winds in and out, bordered by ash-trees, and gleams from among them like a silver thread.

The village smithy is on the side of the road next the hills. The cottage belonging to it is larger than most of the others, with a quaint, tall, stone chimney rising from the ground, on which, carved in the stone, is the date 1573. The cottage stands at right angles to the road, with a garden in front and an orchard with flower-laden apple-trees behind. For the last fortnight the whole village of Mercombe has been like an exquisite pink-and-white nosegay.

Mrs. Leir, standing at the back-door of the ancient cottage, looks complacently at the garlands of exquisite blossom, relieved by the yellow-green grass beneath, and predicts a good cider year for the county. For a few minutes the mental prediction has brought smiles to the firm, wrinkled mouth, but this fades, and heavy care contracts her clear, brown forehead, and makes her eyes look sad. She is always too anxious in expression, but to-day she looks miserable. Though

she is above middle height, she seems short as she stands bowed down beside the old stone trough, at one end of which two black pigs are feeding, while a jackdaw hops at the other end with so humorous a twinkle in his eve (he keeps one closed) that you almost fancy he is thinking of tickling the pigs with the straw he holds in his beak. The ground between the house and the trough is soft and swampy-stamped with the frequent tread of pigs and dog, and cat and fowls. Three blackand-white ducks have paddled up and down it this morning so often with their broad, yellow feet, that water oozes up in one corner and forms an inky pool, at which they drink with seeming delight. But when, after this feat, they come waddling to the broad, flat stone in front of the back-door, Mrs. Leir rouses from her dreamy mood, and, snatching up the corners of her apron, drives them away.

"I must speak to Reuben," she says, with a sigh, and then passes round the house, through the orchard, and out at the gate in the low, stone fence, to the smithy itself.

It is close by on the road, just divided from the garden by a high hawthorn-hedge, white now with blossoms, and filling the air with perfume

There is no use in describing, for smithles have a family resemblance, but it is not always that the blacksmith's hammer is wielded by such a man as Reuben Leir.

Not handsome, but tall, and strong, and healthy-looking, with a rich, brown hair and beard suggestive of ripe hazel-nuts, a frank, amiable mouth, and rather a dreamy, far-off look in his pale-blue eyes—you would have said, looking at him, a man with energies that might be roused if some sleeping chord were touched, but one just as likely to plod through life without discovering that he had more wits than his fellows.

He was whistling "Coming through the Rye," and striking ponderous blows on a little bit of iron, that seemed as if it must rely be annihilated and dispersed into the showery sparks that flew up from the anvil.

He left off whistling when he saw his mother.

"Tea-time is it, mother? I'm coming," he said, in a strong, cheerful voice.

Mrs. Leir waited till he put aside his hammer and came out of the forge.

"Tea will be ready by time you're ready for it," she said; "but I want three words with you first, Reuben."

She went on into the garden again, and her son followed. His head dropped on his chest, and a sort of dogged irresolution showed at the corners of his mouth. When they reached the door he stopped.

"I wish you'd say them here, then," he said, coolly. "I've got one or two things to do this evening."

Mrs. Leir faced around at once. There was a bright, angry spot on each cheek, but there was more sorrow than anger in her eyes.

"Why do you not say out at once, Reuoen, that you are going to meet Rose Morrison?"

Reuben looked pained. He leaned against the door-post without answering.

"There is no use in my saying it," she went on, in a hard, unconciliating voice, "but still I must warn you, Reuben. You began by admiring, you went on to talking, and you are getting to love that little conceited French girl in spite of yourself."

Reuben stood upright, and put up his hand to stop her.

"Don't say what you may be sorry for," he said. "I do love Rose, but she is not French; her mother is a Frenchwoman, but Bob Morrison was every bit as much an Englishman as my father was."

He nodded, and walked away quickly. He was very fond of his mother, and this was the first element of discord that had come between them.

"It is always so," he said, to himself; "if I loved an angel, my mother would cry her down. All mothers are so—they can't give up their sons and daughters."

Perhaps if his mother had heard him, the words would have given her pain. Martha Leir was not an ordinary woman. She was unpopular with her neighbors, because, being better educated, she held herself a little apart, but she had no small, petty jealousies, and, if she had thought Rose Morrison likely to make her son happy, she would have taken her to her heart at once.

"She will never be content with one man,"
Mrs. Leir sighed. "Just at first she may be
taken up with Reuben, but, when the novelty wears off, she will flirt as her mother has
flirted before her. Rose has more of her
mother than of her father in her. My Reuben is too good for the likes of her—or of
any Hookton girl."

II.

HOOKTON is a fishing-village just two miles from Mercombe, but much farther off than this distance because of the rugged, ill-made, steep road. There is another road by the cliffs through the land-slip, but that is a long way round. The shortest way lies between these two-a steep climb up the face of the cliff, then across fields of young wheat and mangolds, till the path falls into the road again, which hereabouts is more even and level than it is nearer Mercombe. Just a little way on a huge stone-quarry opens on each side of the road, and it is here that Reuben Leir stands waiting. The place is very silent-the quarrymen have gone home to the little wooden cottages that peep out like birds'-nests where gaps come in the masses of the cream-colored stone. Far off in front, beyond the ash-trees which border the road, the cliffs rise high, and, parting, give a sudden vision of sea so blue that it seems almost too vivid for reality. Reuben has stood for ten minutes, waiting near the quarry-opening, but no one comes down the road to meet him.

He went on along the high-road till he came to a small gate on the left. The high hedge was cut into an arch above the gate, and through this showed a garden glowing with ranunculus and anemones, and behind a wooden cottage clothed with creeping plants.

A girl in a blue gown, almost hidden by a long white pinafore, was coming up the path that led to the gate, with her hands behind her. Her face was hidden by the straw-colored sun-bonnet pushed down over her eyes,

"At last?" Reuben said, reproachfully. The face was quickly raised at this—a pretty, bright, brown face, with laughing, shy, black eyes, a little nose and mouth; and, as she smiled, white, even teeth showed through the red lips.

"Am I late?" the girl said, carelessly.
"Well, it is better that you should be first."
Reuben opened the gate, and held it for her to pass out.

"Never mind, now you are come," be said, "but I want a talk with you, Rose. I am worried to death."

Rose gave him a sweet look out of her long, narrow, dark eyes.

"You poor old Reuben - who worries you?"

"Never mind; the very sight of yeu seems to make me all right, you dear little girl." Reuben looked up and down the road, and, no one being visible, he put his arm round Rose's waist, and drew her toward him.

Rose drew herself away.

"You go on so fast, Reuben! How many times, how many times I have told you that I can't take up with a man whose mother does not even speak to me!"

Reuben sighed.

"Don't you worry too, Rose darling, or it will seem as if all went cross with me. My mother does not know you. When she does, of course she must love you. Who could help it, my darling?"

He looked tenderly at the girl, but she tossed her head. "To hear you talk, Reuben"—a bright flush rose in her cheeks, and she played nervously with the long strings of her sun-bonnet—"one would think your mother was the queen. You do not seem to see any offense in her holding herself aloof from us. Why, every one comes to see mother, and I should have thought her being home would have served as a reason to Mrs. Leir long ago, if any reason were wanting." She spoke very angrily, and flung her bonnet-strings wide apart. She had turned away from Reubes while she spoke. He pulled at her pinafore.

"Don't be cross, Rose. I tell you my mother is so good and so loving that she will come round when she sees I can't be happy without you."

Rose turned round and looked at him. Her eyes shone brightly, and her red lip curled with acorn.

"Mr. Reuben Leir, you scarcely seem to know who I am, or who you are yourself. It appears to me that you take it for granted that I am thankful to be your wife—your mother is the only person whose consent has to be asked. Now I am not going to creep into any man's family! It is your mother's place to seek me—that is the way my mother says such things should be arranged. No; I say good-by to you, Reuben Leir, until your mother comes to her senses."

She walked slowly back to the gate; but Reuben was too much vexed to combat her resolution. He did not even follow her. Only, as the gate closed behind her, he gave a sigh that ended in a groan.

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mother so prejudiced? She will not even trust her own eyes—it's past bearing!"

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NEXT morning found Reuben at work early. On the previous evening he had gone home and upbraided his mother with her pride and exclusiveness. "You make my life miserable," he had said; and then Mrs. Leir had looked at him out of her deep, steadfast eyes, and had told him that the girl he loved was a coquette.

"She is too studied in all her ways to live only for you or any man, my boy. She will always want admirers round her."

And upon this Reuben had gone to bed without his supper, and had gone off early in the morning to work at his plot on the land-slip. Looking at the wonderful harvest of all kinds reaped on that bit of land, it is surprising that all has not been blown into the sea or diminished by some fresh rent in the tall, circling cliffs that shelter it north and east, for, although some of the plots are level and screened from the precipitous desemt of the beach by hedges wreathed with elematis and dog-roses almost in bloom, some of the potato and wheat plots are almost perpendicular, and cling on to those towering and green-hued cliffs, seemingly at great risk of falling into the sea.

Reuben's donkey-cart is sheltered in a ride shed just at the entrance to the landslip, and his donkey is tethered near. Far away on the right, through jutting cliffs which spring up here and there among the less cultivated bits among the yellow furze and clustering beneath, a lovely glimpse may be got of the bay of Sidmouth and its far-reaching, crimson cliffs; while on the left a bold, chalky headland stands forward, barring the passage. But for the sea-birds, which disappear between it and the intensely blue sky, one might fancy there was no passage round its sharp outline.

Reuben has been hard at work weeding his crops. He stands upright, takes off his hat and wipes his forehead with a blue handkerchief; then he goes back to his cart and gets a lump of bread and cheese and a draught of eider.

It is his determination to work off his annoyance; he has gone on over-long. He looks out over the shimmering, golden waves, and is surprised to see how nearly the sun has reached them As he stands gazing at the strange color of the waves, where broad lines of purple and crimson show as if the fishes had been having fierce battles thereon, he fancies he hears voices below; but the sea gets rougher every instant, and the waves come dashing up against the loose rocks scattered along the beach with so much creaming fury, that it is difficult to distinguish sound. But Reuben has caught a laugh he knows by heart, and now, in a pause caused by the retreat of the waves, he hears the laugh answered in a deep man's voice. The rush of the waves is over, they have just gone back to kiss their advancing mates, and then bring them on in triumph to thunder at the foot of the precipice on which Reuben stands-as yet they do not quite reach it, though they send up a shining cloud of

empty menace-and, as Reuben leans over the flowery hedge which grows on the dizzy edge, he sees that a space of some feet is still dry. He looks onward along this path. At some distance half-way between him and the headland are two figures-the girl is Rose, and her companion is a tall French fisherman, named Jacques Gaspard. He is a stranger, who has been staying at the inn at Hookton for a fortnight past; he spends his money freely, and is popular among the rougher fishermen, but the quieter ones avoid him, and tell one another that he is either a smuggler or a spy. "No good either way"—"Confound him!" Reuben frowns heavily, and leans still farther over the hedge, watching the pair. "She knows no better, poor little thing; but Gaspard's not a fit man for a girl to trust herself alone with." He leaned over, watching eagerly. Just at this moment Gaspard stopped, looked back, and Reuben imagined that he saw triumph in his face. A path led up the sheer face of the cliff at this point, and the Frenchman, seeing the water already dashing against the face of the headland, seemed to be persuading his companion to try and mount it. Reuben saw " Come back, Rose, come his intention. back!" he cried, but his words were thrown back to him by the furious wind. Rose seemed to be tying her bonnet more firmly on her head, and then she turned to mount the cliff; but she was evidently fearful; she clung to Gaspard's arm, and presently he unclasped her fingers and put the arm firmly round her waist.

At this sight Reuben lost his wits. He leaned over the hedge and stretched out both arms, as if he thought to reach Rose.

"Rose—Rose—come back !—ah—" There came a crash, a frantic, scrambling sound, and Reuben disappeared from the laud-slip.

IV.

MARTHA LEIR has had an unhappy day—
it is so rarely now that the peace of her life
is disturbed by strife. Five years ago, before
John Leir went to his rest, there used to be
frequent discussions—they were hardly quarrels—between the blacksmith and his son—
the father so greatly deprecated the son's
want of energy, and his general easiness of
disposition; but when Martha was left alone,
Reuben's tenderness and loving care blinded
her to all shortcomings, and the mother and
son had led a peaceful, happy life, unclouded
by any quarrel, till some one told Mrs. Leir
that her son was courting Rose Morrison.

She had grown so accustomed to his tender care of her, that at first the news came as a painful shock; then, when her commonsense told her that this was an event which must be looked for sooner or later, she began to study Rose Morrison, and found no comfort in the study either for herself or Reuben. "What can be hoped for," she said, bitterly, "from the daughter of a French ladies'maid?" and then she spoke to Reuben; but her speaking only produced estrangement and coldness, and she avoided the subject, until her son's frequent absence and silent moods when at home created an irritation in her mind which had at last found voice on the previous evening.

Dinner-time came, and no Reuben; and Mrs. Leir grew troubled. Her son had said he must weed his vegetables, so she had guessed he was on the land-slip, but, as the day went on, she decided that he had driven over to Colyton and would be home for supper.

Evening grew into night. The wind had risen, and howled furiously round the cottage, and the rain beat against the windows. Martha Leir kept a clear fire in the open grate till past ten o'clock. Reuben had never been so late. She could not go to bed. She went to the door and looked out, but a fierce current of air rushed in, blew out her candle, and made it hard work for her to shut the door again.

"He'll never come home through this," she said; "the wind is enough to blow the cart over." At last she went to bed, but it was not easy to sleep through the wind and rain; and the feeling that she and her son had parted without any reconciliation, after the hard words that had been said on both sides, helped to drive sleep away, and even when it came she often roused with a terrified start at the dreams that came along with it.

She fully waked up about four o'clock. Her room was filled with sunshine, and all traces of the storm had disappeared. When she last fell asleep, she had resolved to seek for her son on the land-slip; but now the bright morning light made her ashamed of the terror that she had suffered through the night.

All at once she started, listened eagerly, and then, dressing herself as quickly as possible, she hurried down-stairs. Roger, the donkey, had been reared by her husband, and it was his bray that she had heard. She was sure she should know it among a hundred, and she ran down-stairs in the glad hope that Reuben would meet her at the gate.

"How frightened I must have been about him!" she said, with a smile of pity at her own weakness. Her heart beat so fast that she could not move as quickly as she wished; but when she reached the gate her face changed to a pale-gray hue, and her limbs shook. She stretched out one hand mechanically, and clung for support to the gate. There was Roger, trying to raise the latch with his broad, soft nose; but Reuben was not to be seen.

Mrs. Leir looked at the donkey as if she expected it to speak, and then she saw that the cord by which it had been tied was hanging from its neck. It had broken loose from its fastenings, and had come home without its master.

But Martha Leir's spirit soon revived. It was possible that, if Reuben had been at work some distance off, he might not at first have seen Roger's escape, and the search for his donkey might have kept him out too late to come home. And yet there were no signs of fatigue about the donkey; he was plainly hungry, and Mrs. Leir opened the gate and let him in to find his way to the shed he occupied at the back of the house. Then she hurried back to her room, put on her bonnet and cloak, and set off toward the sea.

The village round the vicarage and the inn was still asleep when she reached it; but in the green lane leading up from the beach she saw coming toward her a well-known figure in the blue garb of a fisherman. This was old Peter, and the basket he carried showed his calling. It was filled with daba and gurnet, while over all was stretched a huge and hideous skate, more like a sea-monster than a fish fit for human food.

Peter was a short, square man, with little, twinkling eyes that were never still.

"You be out early, missus. Now, I had a call to be stirring betimes, seeing as the storm perwented I overnight from so doing, and twad a bin mortal foolish to leave good victual to go stinkin' afore it was cooked; so I just brings it across, and betime I be in Mercombe, and has had a bit to cat and drink, they'll be up and stirring. But why 'ee so early, Missus Leir, if I may be so bold?''—and he peered at her curiously with his small eyes.

Martha Leir asked herself the same question. She had not courage to tell the universal gossip Peter that she was out thus early because Reuben had not come home all night; but the twinkling eyes were fixed upon her—she was obliged to answer.

"I'm going to the land-slip," she said, trying to appear unconcerned; "Reuben has a bit of land there."

"Aha! that minds me there were summat I had to say to 'ee, Missus Leir. Tell Reuben he'd best not lose his time with Miss Rosie at the quarry-side. Old Peter keeps his eyes open. Her likes summat a trifle faster than Reuben. I sighted her and that French Gaspard a-walking like sweethearts yesterday. A fine lad like Reuben shouldn't be content with other men's leavings."

Peter chuckled. He never took his eyes from Mrs. Leir's face, and he saw that she winced at his words.

"Good-morning, Peter," she said, stiffly.
"I wish you luck with your fish;" and she climbed the style and proceeded to mount the grass-cliff which leads to the land-slip. But before she had taken many steps she wished she had asked for Peter's company; he knew the country thoroughly, and, besides, he would have been a help—help in what she dared not think. She turned to look, but he was already out of sight. She must go on bravely and face whatever misfortune she had to encounter alone.

She reached the little shed and looked under its low, thatched eaves. Yes, there was the donkey-cart, and hanging to a post the broken bit of cord by which Roger had been fastened. A cormorant soared over the cliffs, flapping his huge, black wings. On the path beside the hedge lay Reuben's weeding-spud; and then all at once Martha Leir saw that the hedge itself was broken away.

She stood still an instant, unable to move, and then she leaned forward and looked over the cliff. It was again high tide, and the waves had nearly reached the wall of cliff; but it was a quiet, lapping sea; there was no blinding haze of spray to bewilder eyesight, nothing to hide from the mother's eyes the sight that was then waiting for her.

Many feet down the cliff, between the rock itself and one of the fantastic crags that here and there project from it, lay Reuben. He lay on his back, and the white, upturned face looked ghastly in the early light.

"May the Lord have mercy on me!" broke involuntarily from Mrs. Leir's blanched lips; but she did not even sob or wring her hands, as a less self-contained woman would have done. She forced herself to act. She saw she could not reach her son; it was impossible to get down the face of the rock, and certainly she could not climb over the rough masses of granite from below. She must seek help. She looked up, and the huge bird again swooped across just over the spot where Reuben lay. She shuddered; if she went away, the foul bird might attack the senseless body.

But help must be got.

"God will care for him better than I can," she said; and she ran rapidly along the way to Mercombe Mouth. "They will be stirring at Williams's by now," she thought; and the hope seemed to give her wings.

Williams's farm was a few hundred yards from the beach, abutting on the green lawn which led from Mercombe. A noisy chorus of pigs clamoring for their breakfast greeted her as she opened the five-barred gate; but she scarcely heard them. She felt she must almost fall down on her knees in thankfulness in the midst of the pig-trodden straw that littered the yard; for there stood, in front of the farm-house, not only Joe Tilly, Mr. Williams's factotum and the most experienced fisherman in Mercombe, but Mr. Williams bifuself. He was dressed ready for a journey, and was busy stowing away various things in the cart that stood before the garden-gate; for the house lay some way back from the pig-yard, and he did not see Mrs. Leir; but Joe Tilly saw her, and noted the anguish in her face.

"What ails ye, Missus Leir?" he said, kindly; "it's early for ye to be out-doors."

The kindly voice and the look of sympathy took away her courage. She quite broke down.

"O Joe! O Mr. Williams!" she sobbed, "for God's sake come!—my boy's fallen over the cliff, and he lies there, half-way down."

Mr. Williams's head had been buried in the cart, but he drew it out in a hurry, his red forehead grown purple, and his stiff, irongray hair bristling up with the shock of the widow's words.

"Bless my soul! d'ye mean it?" he said.

"Good Heavens! how did it happen?"
Then he turned to his man.—"We must leave this job. Mother'll see to the horse You, Joe, run for a couple of men and a long ladder and ropes, and a blanket, and follow over the beach. I'll go round to the foot of the cliff.—Come, Mrs. Leir, and show me where the poor fellow is;" and then led the way down to the beach.

He did not tell Reuben's mother that he had thus quietly set aside an important journey for her sake. Something in her white, agonized face compelled him to help her and to be silent.

By the time they reached the bay below the land-slip the tide had turned, but they could get no glimpse of Reuben—the projecting crag, which looked so small from above, quite obscured the spot on which his mother had seen him.

"Are you sure, missus?" said Williams, speaking for the first time since they had left the farm.

"I'm as sure as I can be," she said, sadly, As she spoke, a great, black bird swooped slowly down and lighted on the point of the projecting crag.

Williams gave a loud cry, and the startled cormorant flew away seaward, uttering a harsh croak as he sailed overhead.

How long the waiting seemed! Mrs. Leir paced up and down, examining the cliff with eager eyes to see if the least chance of a footing thereon was practicable; but there was not a crevice to be found in the hard, closegrained rocks. Then she went as far as she could seaward among the slippery rocks that bordered the beach, to see if she could get a glimpse of the precious burden hanging so high in mid-air. She was recalled by a joyful shout from Mr. Williams.

"Here's Joe!" he cried, "and the lad-

And Joe Tilly and his two companions came quickly round the angle of the cliff that formed the near corner of the bay.

It was a terrible suspense. Martha Leir could do nothing. She offered to help in holding the ladder, but the men put her gently on one side; they could manage, they said. She could only stand gazing with hard, dry eyes. While two of them mounted, cord in hand, Mr. Williams stood by the ladder. When they reached the spur of rock, she saw one of them get off the ladder; he stooped down. She could gaze no more. She covered her eyes, and prayed for her boy's life

"That's right; don't look," said kind Mr. Williams; "we shall have him down directly; keep a good heart."

It seemed so long standing there with her eyes hidden by her trembling hands! She started when Williams took her arm and led her forward.

"Good news," he whispered; "his heart beats still!"

7

REUNEN LEIR recovers slowly. He was terribly bruised and injured in that awful fall. His leg was broken, and he will never walk again without a stick or a crutch. Matha sits and gazes at her son, scarcely daring to believe he is restored to her, and yet she is so little softened by the trial she has undergone that in her heart she curses Rose Morrison as the cause of Reuben's calamity.

In one way she has learned and profited. In all these anxious weeks of nursing she has found out how kind her neighbors are, and also how helpful outward sympathy is to a heart that has to bear its burden alone. From the vicar to the poorest cottager came some tokens of good-will or offers of help.

Some time went by before Reuben showed consciousness of what had befallen him. When he learned how grave his injuries were, he relapsed into almost constant silence.

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"There is a tap at the door, mother; are you not going to answer it?" he says, such a strange, shy tone in his voice that his mother looks up. A faint-pink streak on each of her son's pale checks makes her feel uneasy and perplexed. She hardly knows why, but she goes to the door and opens it.

Rose Morrison is standing in the little garden. Her eyes are full of tears, and she blushes when she sees Martha Leir.

"Wait!" the elder woman says, holding up her hand; and she goes back and shuts the door of Reuben's room. Then she returns, and says sternly to the frightened girl, "What do you want, Miss Morrison?"

"O Mrs. Leir!"—Rose is angry as well as frightened—"don't look at me like that —don't, now! You only make me feel wicked."

"I should like to make you feel unhappy, for you deserve it; that it was you that sent my son nearly to his death, I've learned from his talk in his illness; he never speaks of you now."

"Ah!"—Rose wiped her eyes—"please do let me see him, poor dear fellow! I know the sight of me will do him good, and I am so sorry, and he will believe Lam sorry; he is not so cruel as you are. Do let me in; I long so to see him again."

Rose's voice is sweet and persuasive, but Martha Leir is flint.

"You long to see my Reuben!—you, who could fancy he was content to share you with that French fellow Gaspard! Go along with you! You are worse than I thought you, Rese Morrison. You are not fit even to look on Reuben's face again!"

She puts her strong, bony hand on Rose's shoulder, and pushes her from the door and closes it.

When she goes back to Reuben she is anazed to find that he has dragged himself to the window, and stands there looking out.

"Was that Rose?" Then, without waiting for his mother to answer: "How kind of her to come and inquire for me!"

Mrs. Leir turns full of wrath and with a bitter sentence ready, but Reuben is clinging to the casement, trembling and overpowered by the unusual exertion he has made. She puts her arm round him very tenderly, and guides him back to the sofa.

"My poor, dear lad," she whispers, " for-

VI

ANOTHER month has gone by, and Reuben can now get about alone, leaning on a stout sick, a present which Farmer Williams brought him from Exeter. His mother still likes to think her arm as necessary as the stick, but Reuben is anxious for independence, and to-day he has persuaded her to drive over to Colyton with a neighbor, for the sake of the change.

As he paces slowly up and down in front of the cottage, he is thinking of his mother.

"How loving and unselfish her care of me has been, and not one word of reproach! How could I have vexed her for such a girl as Rose Morrison?" He turns to pace down the road again, and there is Rose! She has come up behind him unobserved. Reuben grows pale and then red; then he tries to pass her so fast that he stumbles, and would fall but for the stick.

"Reuben," the girl cries out, "won't you even speak to me? You would, if you knew how unhappy I am, and if you could see how I grieve for you."

"I—I am obliged to you, Rose," he says, in a strange, choked voice, "but there can be no friendship between you and me now."

She fixes her dark, glowing eyes on his changing, irresolute face, and then she bursts into passionate weeping.

Reuben is troubled—the old love tugs at his heart, but he forces himself to remember Jacques Gaspard and that walk along the beach. It is very hard to stand unmoved by Roso's tears.

"Don't cry, Rose," the poor fellow says;
"I forgive you—and I hope you will be happy!"

"I shall never be happy again, Reuben. Your mother says I was the cause of your accident, and you think I deceived you."

Reuben is tired, and this agitation robs him of his little strength. The girl's quick eyes see his weakness.

"Dear Reuben," she says, tenderly, "you are not well enough to stand talking; let me help you in. There—put your hand on my shoulder, and let us come in-doors."

Her eyes are so sweet and loving—her whole manner so softened from the petulant Rose he had loved so dearly—that Reuben gives up his resistance. He puts his hand on the little, soft shoulder so lovingly offered—which does not give much support, after all—and yet, somehow, by the time he reaches his sofa, he looks brighter and more like his old self than he has looked since the accident.

Five minutes after, Rose is seated on the sofa beside him, her head resting on his shoulder.

"And you are not going to marry that French fellow?" says Reuben.

Rose raises her head, and looks at him in her old saucy fashion.

"Marry him! I am ashamed of you, Reuben! Why, I never cared a bit for Jacques, and he went away to France ever so long ago, and some people say he has a wife there."

When Mrs. Leir comes home in the evening she is surprised at the change for the better in her son.

"I must go away again," she smiles, lovingly. "You seem to get on best alone, my boy."

Reuben feels the blood rush to his face. Why should he hide this happiness from his mother—why should she not share his joy?

"Mother"—she was leaning over him—he took both her hands in his—"I must tell you what has happened. I have seen Rose, and we are friends again."

Mrs. Leir drew her hands away. "That girl! O Reuben!" in a broken voice that was full of unatterable pain.

"Don't say any thing against her, dear

mother; she is to be my wife." He raised himself and kissed her face, now turned away from him in bitterness of heart. "She is so sorry, and she has always loved me. She never cared for Jacques. You will take her for a daughter, won't you, mother dear?"

Mrs. Leir's mouth trembled, but the earnestness in her son's face conquered.

"I can't stand in the way of your happiness, dear," she said, sadly, "and if this is your happiness, I will take Rose Morrison—but, O my boy—my boy—don't risk yourself a second time—don't give yourself, in a hurry, to a light woman who has cared for other men before she cared for you, and will care for them again. Ah, my Reuben, you are worth the first place in a girl's heart, instead of coming in at the end."

Reuben had grown very red indeed.
"Thank you for your consent," he said;
"but, mother, please don't speak badly of
Rose. It's unjust, and I can't bear it."

VII.

REUBEN resented his mother's words, and yet, as soon as he was free from the witchery of Rose's presence, his heart was heavy with doubt—not because he had seen her with Gaspard; she had explained that to him, and he knew the man so well that he could believe he had forced his company on the girl. The doubt that troubled Reuben was about himself—could he make Rose happy?

"I am such a slow, quiet fellow," he thought, "and, since my fall, I often fret—and she is such a lively darling." But the strong love he felt—the greater now that it had been repressed—drew him next day to the quarry. He lifted the latch of the garden-gate, and went into the cool, tree-shaded garden. The place was so green that the tulips and anemones seemed to gain in brilliancy of color.

Reuben had hurried fast along the road, spite of his weakness; but, by the time he reached the cottage-door, he had lost strength and courage, and his knock had a timid sound.

Mrs. Morrison's lame tread was heard on the lime-ash floor, and she opened the door—a small, dark woman, with narrow, sharp eyes that seemed to be always prying into those of the people to whom she speke. She was very trimly dressed, and she looked more like Rose's elder sister than her mother.

"Ah," she smiled up in Reuben's face, "is it, then, Monsieur Leir? I am glad to see you, monsieur, and I am sorry; for you do not come, I know, to see me. I am glad to see you walk again—but Rose is not at home."

"Where is she?" Reuben said, abruptly.

"Ah, mon Dieu!"—she held up her hands with a gesture of deprecation—"what can I tell you, monsieur? Rose goes here and she goes there, and I do not ask her where she goes. Believe me, it is a great mistake to interfere with young people; and, when you marry Rose, you must treat her as I do. I am very glad to see you friends again."

There was such a cunning look in her eyes that Reuben started.

"I will wait, if you please, Mrs. Morrison," he said; "I want to see Rose."

"Certainly! Come in, Monsieur Leir."

Mrs. Morrison pointed to a chair, and Reuben seated himself, and looked round the square. low-roofed room. How much prettier and more trim it was than his own home-what tasteful muslin curtains those were in the windows, and how charming the little nosegays looked, placed so exactly where the room was dark and bare.

Mrs. Morrison watched him as he sat there, and this made him fidgety. "Rose dresses up the room, Monsieur Reuben; she likes pretty, tasteful ways. That is why I am glad she is to marry you-you are able to give her a good home, and money to spend on clothes; and Rose likes pretty dresses, Monsleur Reuben."

"I suppose most girls do," he said; but the woman's prving eyes and coaxing manner fidgeted him. He wished he had walked on to meet Rose, instead of waiting. He sat silent, and presently Mrs. Morrison began on new ground.

"Do you not find Hookton very sad, Monsieur Leir?" she said. "Ah, mon Dieu!"she clasped her hands, and threw up her eyes-" there is not a man in Hookton fit to look at, unless, indeed, when Monsieur Gaspard arrives-ah! that is different!"

Reuben stared. He was not accustomed to this sort of talk from his mother, and he shrank from the mention of the French-

"He is not here often, I think," he said, sullenly.

Mrs. Morrison laughed.

"He comes and he goes more often than people think, Monsieur Leir. He will be here soon again-yes, very soon. Ah! he is indeed full of life and spirits."

Reuben rose up hastily, and nearly stumbled.

"I will go and meet Rose. Good-afternoon, Mrs. Morrison."

She begged him to stay, but he refused. He seemed to breathe more freely when he gained the road. There was something oppressive and artificial in Mrs. Morrison's atmosphere.

"Rose is so simple-so unlike her mother. I know she will never go to Gaspard again. Why should I feel this jealous torture ?"

But he did feel it sharply, and when at last he saw Rose coming along the road he resolved to open his mind to her.

"Rose, darling "-they had walked some way lovingly together under the shade of the trees that bordered the road—" I must speak about something that troubles me. Suppose, after all, you do not love me as you think you do?-listen, child." He spoke with unusual firmness, for she had begun to remonstrate. "Suppose when Jacques Gaspard comes back you find you have made a mistake?"

" Nonsense, Reuben!"

Rose tossed her head and pouted, but Reuben's earnest gaze showed her that this was not the assurance he expected.

"I have said that I love you, Reuben," she said; "surely, what more can a girl Bay ? "

But Reuben was strangely moved this afternoon. There was an unusual flush on his cheeks, and a glowing light in his eyes.

" I believe you, my darling," he said, fondly; "but give me a proof that you're in earnest. Marry me this day fortnight."

Rose began to exclaim:

"But my clothes, Reuben-I must have proper clothes."

He stopped her.

"I asked a proof, Rose. You will not refuse me, my darling girl!"

She looked confused-ready to cry.

"I will "Very well," she said, slowly. tell mother, and you can settle it with her."

They had reached the garden-gate, and she ran in, leaving Reuben gazing after the charming picture she made in the shaded

VIII.

It is the day before the wedding. Both Hookton and Mercombe had been full of eager anticipation and gossip. Rose has not been so triumphant as some of her neighbors expected. Mrs. Leir has been pale and sorrowful, but Reuben looked full of happiness. His recovery has progressed with astonishing rapidity. When he woke this morning, he said to himself, "To-morrow-only till to-morrow," and then went off early to put the last finishing touches to his new house. He will not turn his mother out of the cottage where she has lived so long; his hope is, that eventually she will grow to like Rose, and they shall all live then together. For the present he has rented a small cottage down in the valley, beside the river. Rose has been very restless this morning. has promised to wait in for Reuben, and yet she has a longing to go down to Hookton. She tells her mother this.

"Best keep at home, my girl," the mother says. And then, to herself, she adds: "Jacques Gaspard came in last night. She is best out of his way at present."

Rose wanders listlessly about the gar-

"I wish Reuben was not so slow. I do like a little more fun in a man. He's a kind, good soul, but he wants life. And I hate that mother of his, I do."

She has just turned her back again to the garden-gate, and she hears three distinct taps and a low whistle. Rose stands still. A rush of warm color spreads over her face to her forehead. She knows Jacques Gaspard's signal.

"I told him I never wanted to speak to him again," she says, fretfully. "Well, when he hears I am going to be married, he will go away in a rage."

She ran back to the cottage.

"Mother, don't let Reuben go after me if he comes. I shall be back directly."

She quickly left the garden, and went into the quarry. There were caves here running deep into the stone, and yet scarcely showing an opening. Rose paused before one of these and whistled softly. In a moment the whistle came back like a powerful echo, and the girl went forward into the cave. Light came from above some way down through fissures in the stone, and Rose saw at once that Jacques Gaspard was very angry. She felt frightened, and drew away from him, but he grasped her arm firmly.

"What is the meaning of all this I hear, you little flirt?" he said, savagely, "Did you not tell me I was the only man you had ever loved?"

"Oh, don't grip so hard, Jacques-you hurt me! I won't speak while you hold my arm," she said, defiantly.

The Frenchman let go her arm, but he stepped forward so as to stand between her and the entrance to the cave.

"Speak away," he said, "but mind you speak the truth this time. Remember I'm not a soft fool like your new lover Mr. Leir,"

There was a mocking sound in his voice, and Rose trembled.

"You are cruel," she sobbed. "You say you love me, and you do not marry me. Why do you come back and spoil my future? I do not love Reuben Leir as I have loved you, but he loves me, and I mean to be a good wife to him. He offers me a good, comfortable home, and he does not play fast and loose, as you do."

Jacques swore fiercely.

"That's a lie !- I am ready-say you will come to me at once, and I will marry you, and give you all that a woman can wish

Rose gave him a loving, wistful look.

"Will you marry me before you take me away ?" she said, timidly.

"Ah, bah!" the sailor said. "Women are all alike. They expect unlimited trust to be placed in them, and they give none." He changed his tone. "Why doubt me, Rose, my angel?"

"I was wrong to say so much. It does not matter. I have promised Reuben, and I will keep my word. Now I must go. Good-

The sailor stood thinking. At last he shrugged his shoulders, and stood aside to

"As you will. My plan would have made you a happy woman. Well, I bear you no malice; I will bring you a wedding-present if you care to have it."

"A present! What?" said Rose, eager-

A smile crossed Jacques's face. "A brooch and a pair of ear-rings fit for a princess. Listen. I will come to the point below the land-slip this evening-if you like to meet me and take them."

"There?" Rose shuddered.

"Yes! there and nowhere else, at nine o'clock to-night," he said, roughly.

Rose hesitated, and then she said: "All right, I will be there!" and ran back to the cottage.

She was not a moment too soon. Before she had recovered from the fright and flutter of Jacques's visit, Reuben came limping up the garden-path.

"Ah! - how I wish he was more like Jacques!" she said to berself.

Reuben sat talking; he was in gay spirits, but Rose could not rally. She was by turns cross and tearful, and at last she asked her lover to leave her to herself.

"Very well; I will go now, darling, but I've not said all I've got to say, my girl. I'll come down and have a talk in the ever-

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Rose turned so white that Reuben noticed ber paleness.

"Not to-night, Reuben, please," she said, more gently. "My mother wants me all to herself."

"You're rather a tyrant, my pet," he said, "but I will do as you like-till to-morrow morning. God bless you, my darling!" And he kissed her fondly.

As Reuben went away he saw Mrs. Morrison coming back from the draw-well at the other side of the garden. He went across to her while Rose walked to the gate.

"Mrs. Morrison," he said, eagerly, "do mare Rose to me this evening for a little. Tell her I will meet her soon after nine beside the quarry."

Mrs. Morrison nodded. As she and her daughter stood at the gate looking after Reuben, the mother noticed Rose's pale

"Go and lie down, child," she said; "you look like a ghost, and I have promised you will meet Reuben this evening beside the quarry."

It was a warm evening. Mrs. Leir had been busy at the newly-furnished cottage till late, so that she did not see how disappointed and tired Reuben looked when he came in after a fruitless walk to the quarry.

She sat down to supper with her son; it was no longer so hard to give him up, for she felt that his heart was with Rose Morrison. All she could now hope for was to gain the love of Reuben's wife.

They had finished supper. Mrs. Leir stood folding her table-cloth, when a knock came at the door, and then, with scarcely any pause, a voice-

"Mrs. Leir! Mrs. Leir! I want my daughter! I want Rose!"

Reuben got to the door without his stick, and opened it to Mrs. Morrison.

She tried to smile when she saw him, but she looked frightened.

"Ah, Reuben," she said, "you have given me a fright. Where have you hidden Rose?" Reuben turned a ghastly white.

"Rose! what do you mean?" he said, hoarsely. "I have not seen her since I left her with you at the gate!"

"Ah! mon Dieu!" In her terror the woman shricked out her words. "And she went out this evening to meet you," she said ahe checked herself suddenly, and dropped trembling into a chair.

But Reuben saw her hesitation:

"Say all you know!" He stood over her sternly. "Is Jacques Gaspard in Hookton?"

Mrs. Leir stood wonder-struck at her son's strange vehemence.

"I heard he was there," said Rose's nother, feebly, "and he is a bad man, Reuben. I know he will not marry my child."

But Reuben did not stay to listen. He felt no fatigue or lameness as he started for the third time that day on the road to Hookton. Fortunately, a chance traveler overtook him, and gave him a seat in his chaise, or his strength could not have held out. The busy fishing-village had gone to sleep when he reached it, but some of the men were soon roused and helped Reuben in his search.

Yes, Jacques Gaspard had appeared that morning, and a strange-looking cutter had been hovering round the bay, but the Frenchman had gone away early, and no one had seen Rose Morrison; and no one ever saw saucy, pretty Rose again-no one now expects to see her but Reuben Leir, and he, poor fellow, spends many a weary day searching among the rocks and caves for some trace of the girl he still loves.

And his mother never says a word against Rose - Reuben's dutiful tenderness is her own again-but she would give it all up if she could only see him happy, without that seeking, unsatisfied look, which will never leave his pale-blue eyes again.

MOUNTAINEERING IN MINIATURE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

PACKED my portmanteau full of silent hurrahs, and set off with a lightsome step for the Boehmischer Bahnhof. It was a divine June day, and Dresden looked so bright that I could almost have disbelieved its evil odor. The club balcony, on Victoria Strasse, had got its afternoon shadow, and never looked more inviting; but there was a train to catch, and I might not pause even there. Prager Strasse, gay and crowded, wooed me to loiter; but I had cast off for good and all the lazy leisure which a Dresden residence begets, and felt that time was precious once more. In a few minutes I reached the broad, open space in front of the Bahnhof, passed through the serried droskies on stand there side by side, bought a ticket to Krippen, and took my seat in a third-class carriage.

I had often done the journey on foot; the highway from Dresden to Saxon Switzerland -about five-and-twenty miles-being itself excellent, while its situation is more or less picturesque throughout. The main objection to it is its openness, and the circumstance that Koenigstein and Lillienstein, the twin rocky giants that sentinel the entrance to the mountainous region, are visible from the outset of the walk, and are a long while in getting to look nearer. For the rest, the road traverses seven or eight tiny villages, and two towns - Pirna and Koenigstein - as quaint, crooked, and narrow-streeted, as heart could desire. For many miles it skirts the river-bank; after Pirna, climbs a steep hill, has an up and down time of it as far as Koenigstein fortress, and then plunges headlong down a straight incline - stone paved and ridged, for the behoof of clambering wagons-into Koenigstein town. Steep and long as is the ascent, it is pleasanter than the going down; the grade being such that running is dangerous, and walking almost impossible. Koenigstein passed, highway and railroad run cheek by jowl along the precipitous river-bank, onward through the heart of the country. The road is level, and parasoled with trees; but the squat, ninepin shaped steeple of Schandau church, on the opposite side of the river, now takes its turn in making the walk wearisome by its unintermittent visibility. The scene, however, is really very pretty; and, were it not that his five-and-twenty miles beneath a summer sun may have rendered the pedestrian a trifle captious, doubtless he might swallow the incessant steeple with more than toleration.

But it was not my cue to foot it on the present occasion. Frequent pilgrimages to and fro had taken all novelty out of the enterprise; not to mention that my portmanteau did, strictly speaking, have some heavier things than hurrahs in it. So, for the nonce, I chose the railway-carriage; the noisiest, ugliest, tiresomest, most unprivacied mode of conveyance extant; but not wholly deficient, even in Saxony, in the exhilaration of speed; and never lacking in broad variety of human interest. And, to the end of insuring, while I was about it, the full flavor of the experience, I took a third-class ticket-an unfailing passport to whatever human interest might happen to be in the way. First-class carriages are empty, in every sense of the word; the seats may be softly cushioned, the guard may salute whenever he catches my eye, and request the favor of my ticket with such sweet cajolery that I feel, in giving it up, as if I were making him happier than it is right or lawful for man to be; nevertheless, the noise and weariness remain, and there is nothing better than my own dignity to distract my attention therefrom. As for the second class, it can be endurable only to penitents and to second-class people; the guard (whose behavior admirably gauges the traveler's social estimation throughout) now chats with me on terms of friendly equality; while my neighbors are hopelessly unpicturesque and ordinary, yet of such pretensions that I am dejected by a doubt whether they are not as good as I am, after all. No; the moral and mental depression brought on by second class outweighs the pecuniary outlay of first and third combined.

But the third-the third is romantic! It piques the imagination, and gives the observation scope. I fancy myself a peasant; I think of my farm-yard, my oxen, my Frau, my geese, my children; of that bargain got out of Mueller; of that paltry advantage gained by Schultze over me; my breath savors of Sauerkraut, in my pocket is a half-eaten sausage, at supper I will devour Limburger Kaese and quaff einfaches Bier. At the same time I am an observer, a notary public of humorous traits, a diviner of relations, destinies, and antecedents. My fellow-pilgrims are unfragrant, familiar, talkative, and over-numerous; the bench we sit on is hard, and the ticket-collector is brusque and overbearing; nevertheless, if there must be a human element at all, let it be as thick and as strong as possible, and let me get as near it as I decently may. In the long-run, I prefer my men and women with the crust off.

Saxon third-class vans, like some English ones, are transversely divided into five open compartments, each holding ten or twelve persons. In my box, on this trip, was a young married couple of the lower middle

class, who had not yet stopped being lovers. They were in the full tide of that amorous joyance which only lower middle class, newly-married young couples, can know. The girl was not uncomely-clear-eyed and complexioned, and smoothly curved; the young husband was stout and earthy, with broad face, little twinkling eyes, and defective chin. The two sat opposite one another, her knees clasped between his, and hand-in-hand. They showed a paradisaical indifference to stranger eyes, which was either coarse or touching, as the observer pleased. When one looked out of the window, so would the other; and each rejoiced in the new sensation of seeing the world double, and finding it vastly bettered thereby. Such was their mutual preoccupation that the guard had to demand their tickets twice before they could bring themselves to comprehend him. Truly, what should two young lovers, lately wed, have to do with such utilitarian absurdities as railway-tickets? Ostensibly, indeed, they might be booked for Bodenbach or Prag; but their real destination had no station on this or any other railway. Meanwhile, the husband was puffing an unutterably villainous eigar, and blowing the smoke of it right down his wife's pretty throat. She-dear little soul! -flinched not a jot, but swallowed it all with a perfect love and admiration, such as only women are (or ever can or ought to be) capable of.

My vis-d-vis at the other end of the compartment was an under-sized Russian - a black - haired, bristle - bearded, brown - eyed, round - nosed, swarthy, dirty - shirted, little monster, who turned out to be a traveling agent for some cigarette manufacturing company. The attrition of the world had rubbed off whatever reserve he may originally have possessed; and he was inclined to be sociable. He began with requesting a light from my cigar; and proceeded to have the honor to inquire whether I were of Russian extraction, observing that my features were of the Russian type. He meant it as a compliment, of course; but it is odd that a German, a Frenchman, and an Englishman, should severally, and in like manner, have claimed countrymanship with me on the testimony of my visage. The explanation is to be found, I take it, in nothing more nor less than my affability, which I can neither disguise nor palliate. Why else, from a street full of people, should I invariably be the one picked out by the stranger to tell him his way? It is not because I look as if I knew; and in fact I never do know; but he feels convinced, as soon as he claps eyes on me, that, whether I know or not, at all events he will get an affable answer from me. Or why else, in third-class carriages, and elsewhere, am I the one to whom every smoker applies for a light? It is not because my light is better than other people's, but because they perceive in me a lack of gall to make their oppression bitter. Yet, but for this experience, I should have supposed the cast and predominant expression of my countenance to be especially grave and forbidding; which goes to prove that the world knows its individuals better than they know themselves.

Intellect plays but a subordinate part in

the divination of character. It's your emotional, impressible person who finds you out most surely and soon: hence women are so apt to pass their verdict at sight, and (prejudice apart) are so seldom entirely mistaken. They cannot say categorically what you are -the faculty of formulating impressions being uo necessary part of their gift-but they can tell what you are not, and description by negatives is often very good description. Of course, they are easily led to alter or at least ignore their first judgment; but their second thought is never worth much. It is here that the intellect steps in, confirming and marshaling the emotional insight; and, with both at their best, out comes Shakespeare.

If in these days of committees we could have a committee on geniuses-those whose works captivate all ages-I think the most of them would turn out soft-fibred persons, of no assertative individuality. Egotists, no doubt, but with a foolish, personal-not lofty, moral, and intellectual-egotism: yielding, sensitive natures, albeit finely-balanced, and with an innate perception of truth and proportion, sufficient to prevent their being forced permanently out of shape. Were they other than thus, they would be always tripping up their own inspiration (meaning thereby the power of so foregoing one's self as to reflect directly the inner truth and beauty of moral and physical creation). Obstinate, prognathous geniuses must have a hard time of it: inspiration is not easily come at upon any terms; how, then, when breathless and sweating from a tussle with one's own personality?

III. "Bur you have lived in Russia at the You speak the language?" I was obliged to confess that I had not. The little agent looked hard at me, debating within himself whether he should ask me outright where I did come from; he decided against it; and applied himself to staring out of the window, and ever and anon spitting toward any part of the prospect that attracted his interest. As there was a strong draught setting inward, I moved farther up the seat. Presently, a thought of his personal appearance visited him, and he pulled from an inner pocket a little greasy box, having a tiny mirror set within the lid, and containing four inches of comb. With these appliances the Russian went through the forms of the toilet; replacing his box, when he had finished, with a pathetic air of self-complacency, such as I have observed in a frouzy dog who has just scratched his ear and shaken a little dirt from his coat. This human being had an untrained, unintellectual, repulsive aspect enough; but he looked good-natured, and I have no doubt his odor was the worst part of

Sitting beside me was a lean, elderly man, of pleasant and respectable appearance, and seemingly well-educated and gentlemanlike. He had a guide-book, which he consulted very diligently, and was continually peering out of the windows on either side in hasty search for the objects of interest which the book told about. He referred to me repeatedly, with a blandly courteous air, for informa-

tion regarding the towns and scenes through which we passed; and by-and-by he produced the stump of a cigar, and asked me for a light, which I gave him. At Pirna he was painfully divided between the new bridge then in course of building, the rock-mounted castle now used as an insane asylum, and the perpendicular brown cliffs on the other side of the river-the beginning of the pecul. iar formation which makes the Saxon Switzerland. While poking his head out of the Russian's window, he fell into talk with him; and whether they turned out to be compatriots or not I cannot tell; but at all events my lean friend spoke my frouzy friend's language; they sat down opposite one another -a pendant to the two lovers at the other side-and emptied themselves into one another's mouths, so to speak, during the rest of the journey. The guide-book and the scenery were alike forgotten-such is the superior fascination of a human over a natural interest. They more cared to peep into the dark interiors of each other's minds than gaze at the sunlit trees, and river, and rocks, and sky outside. What is this mysterious, irresistible magnet in all men, compelling them to attend first of all to one another? Is it smitten into them from the infinite creative Magnet? I find it most generally sensitive in men of small cultivation, and in women, who, on the other hand, seldom take much genuine interest in grand natural scenery. The conversation of my two friends, so far as I could make it out, related mainly to cigarettes and matters thereto related. They fraternized completely: the Russian worked himself into paroxysms of genial excitement, and gesticulated with much freedom. Shortly before our arrival at Krippen he took out a pocket-case of cigarettes, and shared its contents with his new acquaintance; and the two likewise exchanged names and addresses. Every man searches for something of himself in those he meets, and is hugely tickled if he discovers it.

The remaining occupant of our compartment was a poor, meagre little fellow, pale and peaked, with dirty-white hands and imperfect nails, and dingy-genteel attire. He was chilly, though the day was warm and generous, and kept rubbing his pithless hands together in the vain attempt to get up circulation. He was altogether squalid and dyspeptic, and smoked a squalid cigar; and said nothing, save in answer to some question put to him by his Russian neighbor. Even the endearments of the lovers availed not to bring lustre to his pallid eyes; and, when his cigar went out, he put it in his pocket without asking for a light. Some unwholesome city clerkship was his, I suppose, in a street where the sun never shone, and the drainage was bad.

The fortress of Koenigstein recled dizzily above us, perched indefinite hundreds of feet in air on its breakneck precipice, shelving toward the base and shawled in verdure. But the first sight of Lillienstein, as we sweep around the curve, is perhaps more impressive. The rock, like most in this region, is of an irregular oval shape, its wooded base sloping conically upward to within two hundred feet or so of the top; at which

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point the rock itself appears, hurtling straight aloft with black-naked crags. Seen from the river-level, its altitude is increased by the height of the bank-at least one hundred feet more; and, presenting itself end-on, it bears a striking resemblance to the dismanfled hull of some Titanic frigate, wrecked on the tall summit of a hill. The gloomy weather-beaten bows rise in slow grandeur against the sky: there are the shattered bulwarks; bowsprit and masts are gone. Ages have passed since the giant vessel was stranded there: and the prehistoric ocean which hurled it to its place has rolled into oblivion. But still looms the barren hulk over that old ocean-bed, now green with trees and crops, dotted with tiny villages and alive with pigmy men. What mighty captain commanded her m her last voyage? whose hand swayed her filler and hauled her ropes? what enormous exploits are recorded in her log-book? But for some foolish historic scruples, I should christen her the Ark, manned by Noah and his sons, and freighted, long ago, with the hopes of humanity. On second thoughts, however, that could not be; for if there is my truth in measurements, Lillienstein might have swung the Ark from her stern-davits, and never felt the difference.

Some of these canal-boats, however, would have made her stagger; it seems impossible that any thing so ponderous should float; looking down at them from above, they appear to be of about the tonnage of an ordimary New York street. Their masts are in proportion; but their sails (which they ostentatiously spread to the lightest breath of air) are exasperatingly insufficient, and help them along about as much as its wings do a penguin. Nevertheless, fleets of them are continually passing up and down, and seem to get to their destination ultimately. Horses are harnessed to the mast, and tug away along the rounded stone levees, the long rope brushing the willows and bushes which grow beside the banks. One mariner dreams over the tiller; another occasionally slumbers in the bows, upward of a hundred yards away. Such leisurely voyaging can hardly be supposed to keep pace with the fleet foot of Time; and traditions linger hereabouts of boats that have left Dresden early in the spring, and, losing four months on the passage, have only arrived at Bodenbach by the end of the previous autumn! Can this be

We arrived at Krippen just as a soft gray cloud was poising itself above the valley, and sending down a misty message of rain-drops. The sun, however, peeped beneath, and translated it into a rainbow. I hastened down the steps to the ferry-boat-a flat-bottomed skiff about twenty feet long-and sat down there along with a dozen other passengers. Charon took his pole (oars are unknown in this kind of eraft) and poked us across; the boat, which was loaded down to the gunwale, rocking alarmingly, and the people ejaculating and protesting. At landing, we were beswarmed by porters, but I knew the coast, and, escaping from them, took my way along the pretty, winding path toward the old Bade-

haus, which reposes at the upper end of the desultory village of Schandau. Schandau proper, indeed, is comprised in the little garden-patch of red-roofed houses huddled in the mouth of the valley where it opens on the river; but its "Bad" reputation has generated a long progeny of stuccoed villas, standing in a row beneath the opposite sides of the gradually-narrowing canon. The pineclad hill-sides rear up within arm's reach of their back windows, and as steep as their roofs. For about half a mile up, the valley averages scarcely a hundred yards in breadth, while its sides are at least as high as that, and look much higher. Down the centre flows a brook, dammed once or twice to turn saw-mills, and bordered with strips of grassy meadow. The main road, unnecessarily tortured with round cobble-stones, and miserable in a width of some ten feet, crawls along beneath the house-row on the northern side; but the southern is the aristocratic quarter: the houses are villas, and have balconies and awnings, overlooking a smooth gravel-path densely shaded with trees - the fashionable morning and evening promenade, untrodden by hoof of horse, and familiar to the wheels of children's perambulators only. Very charming is all this; and, after the clatter, glare, and poison of the city, unspeakably soothing and grateful.

As I walked along, fragments of the rainbow shower occasionally found their way to me through the leafy roof overhead, while children toddled across my path, escaping from white-aproned nurses; and villa-people-girls in coquettish white hats, and gentlemen indolent with cigars - stared at me from the vantage-ground of their shaded windows. At the garden-restaurant were beer-drinkers, merry in the summer-houses, and great running to and fro of Kellner and Kellnerinnen. The dust was laid, the trees were painted a livelier green, the grass and flowers held themselves straighter and taller. The air lay cool and still on the sweet earth, or moved faintly under the influence of a doubtful breeze. The brook gurgled unseen, and the noise of the saw-mill, a moderate distance off, sounded like the busy hum of

some gigantic grasshopper.

Where the Badehaus stands, the hillridges verge toward each other, till a stone could be thrown from one summit to the other. In the square court on which the hotel faces, the aristocratic pathway finds its end, and thenceforward the road, relieved of its cobbles and otherwise improved, takes up the tale alone. The brook washes the Badehaus wall, and in the earlier part of its course cleaves to the southern side of the narrow gorge. The Badehaus places itself transversely across the valley, looking down villageward, and giving the brook and the road scarcely room to turn its northern wing. Its opposite end, meanwhile, thrusts right into the hill-side, and even digs a cellar out of it to cool its provisions in. The front court, when I entered it, was noisy with multitudinous children, and the daily brass-band was on the point of striking up in the open pagoda. The audience were preparing their minds for the entertainment with plentiful meat and drink, and the three Kellner employed by Herr Boettcher had, as usual, three times too much to do. Herr Boettcher (who looks like a mild Yankee until he opens his mouth) and his pale-haired helpmate received me with many smiles, and ushered me into a small, seantily-furnished chamber overlooking the brook and the road, and likewise commanding a view of a small villa crowded close against the hill-side beyond.

V.

I ordered supper, and then sat down at my window. The brook, which flowed directly beneath it, was somewhat cloudy of current, and disfigured as to its bed by indistinct glimpses of broken crockery and bottles scattered there. A short distance down it was crossed by a bridge communicating with the Badehaus court. Some slenderstemmed young trees were trying to make themselves useful along the road-side; and there, likewise, were ranged three rectangular piles of stone, awaiting the hammer of the stone-breaker; and a wedge-shaped mudheap, hard and solid now, but telling of wet days and dirty walking in times gone by. A weather-beaten picket-fence, interlarded at intervals with whitewashed stone posts, inclosed a garden, devoted partly to cabbages and potatoes, and partly to apple-trees. At one end of this inclosure stood the villa, at the other a large tree with a swing attached to it; several small people were making free with this plaything, subject to an occasional reproving female voice from the direction of the house, and the fitful barking of a selfimportant little cur. I could also see the lower half of a white skirt, accompanied by a pair of black broadcloth legs, moving up and down beneath the low-extending branches of the apple-trees.

The villa, whose red-tiled roof was pleasantly relieved against a dark - green background of pines, was provided with an astonishing number of windows; I counted no fewer than fifteen, besides a door, in the hither end of it alone. Over the front-door was a balcony, thickly draped with woodbine; and here sat two ladies in blue dresses, dividing their time between the feminine diversions of sewing, reading, gossiping, and watching the passers-by. Small or large parties were continually strolling up the road toward the Schuetzenhaus; the women mostly attired in white, with white hats, and white or buff parasols; and all chatting and laughing with great volubility and good-humor. One pretty girl, walking a little in the rear of her companions, happened to glance up at my window and catch my eye, and all at once it became necessary for her to cross the road, which being rather dirty, she was compelled to lift her crisp skirts an inch or two above a shapely pair of little boots. What happy land first received the imprint of those small feet? Could it have been Saxony? They soon walked beyond my field of vision, which was limited by the sash. Here, however, came into play a species of ocular illusion, made possible in Germany by the habit windows have of opening inward on hinges. The upper stretch of road to its curve round the bold spur of the hill, a bit of dilapidated bridge, and one or two new villas half clad

in trees-all this pretty picture was mirrored and framed in the pane of glass at my left hand. A few moments, therefore, after the owner of the boots had vanished from actual sight, she stepped daintily into this phantom world, and proceeded on her way as demurely as though no such astonishing phenomenon had occurred. She was, to be sure, unaware of it; and we all live in blind serenity amid marvels as strange. Perhaps, when our time comes, we shall take our first walk beyond the grave with no less unconscious self-possession than attended the march of those

little boots across my window-pane. As the afternoon wore on, wagons and droskies full of returning excursionists began to lumber by, with much cracking of whips, singing, and jollity. Many of the men wore monstrous hats roughly plaited of white reeds, numbers of which were on sale in the village for a groschen or so each, being meant to last only a day. They were bound with bands of searlet ribbon, and lent their wearers a sort of tropical aspect. Every vehicle was overcrowded, and everybody was in high spirits except the horses, who, however, were well whipped to make up for it. Meanwhile, the band in the pagoda round the corner had long been in full blast, and odds and ends of melody came floating past my window; in the pauses of the music I could hear two babies bemoaning themselves in an adjoining room. A small child, with red face and white hair, made itself disagreeable by walking nonchalantly backward and forward over an impromptu plank bridge without railings, escaping accident so tantalizingly that I would almost rather have seen it tumble in once for all and done with it. At last, when the miracle had become threadbare, the bathgirl appeared and took the infant Blondin away; and at the same moment a waiter knocked at my door and told me supper was

VI.

SUPPER was set out on a little table under the trees in the front-court. The musicians bad departed, leaving a skeleton growth of chairs and music-rests in the pagoda; and most of the late audience had assembled at the long dining - tables in the Speisesaal, where I could see them through the open windows paying vigorous attention to the

Several young ladies, however, under the leadership of a plump, brisk little personage, whom I cannot better describe than by calling her a snub-nosed Jewess, had got up a game of croquet, which they played with much coquettish ostentation, but in other respects ill. They were in pronounced evening-costume, and my waiter-a small, fat boy smuggled into a man's swallow-tail - said there was going to be a ball. The Tanzsaal faced me on the other side of the court, being connected at right angles with the hotel, corner to corner. It was a white, stuccoed building, about on an architectural par with a deal candle-box. A double flight of steps mounted to the door, over which was inscribed, in shaky lettering, some lines of doggerel, composed by Herr Boettcher himself, in praise of his medicinal spring. The hall inside may have been sixty feet in length, with a raised platform at one end for the accommodation ! of the musicians.

It was lighted by two candelabra; but these eventually proving inadequate, a secret raid was made upon the kerosene-lamps in the guests' rooms, and every one of them was carried off. I retired early that night, and, having discovered my loss and rung the bell, an attendant did finally appear in the shape of the bath-girl. To make a short story of it, no light except starlight was to be had. It is a hardship to have to go to bed in Saxony at all: you know not, from hour to hour, whether you are too hot or too cold, but are convinced before morning that you are three or four feet too long. But the Badehaus beds are a caricature rather than a fair example of Saxon beds; and to go to bed not only in Saxony but in the Badehaus, and not only in the Badehaus but in the dark, was for me a memorable exploit. I have reason to believe, however, that three-fourths of the hotelguests had to do the same thing; for my wakefulness, up to three o'clock in the morning, was partly due to the noisy demands and expostulations wherewith they made known and emphasized their dissatisfaction.

But I am anticipating. By the time I had finished supper it was growing dusk, and the dancers were arriving in numbers. The dresses were mostly white and gauzy, though here and there were glimpses of pink and blue satins, and one young woman divided herself equally between red and green. My pretty vision with the shapely feet was not among them. As evening came on the hall filled, and I could see the heads of the company moving to and fro within, and some were already stationary at the windows. Meanwhile the whole domestic brigade appertaining to the hotel, including Herr Boettcher himself, were busied in carrying chairs from the court-yard to the hall, to be used in the cotillon. The least active agents in this job were the two head - waiters; the most strenuous and hard-working were the bathgirl and the chamber-maid. Finally, the only chairs left were my own and one occupied by a huge, fat Russian at a table not far from mine: and from these the united blandishments of the entire Boettcher establishment availed not to stir either of us.

Darkness fell upon the valley; the stars came out above the lofty brow of the impending hill-side; the trees stood black and motionless in the still air; all light, life, and sound, were concentrated behind the glowing windows of the Tanzsaal. The musicians had struck up amain, and the heads were now moving in couples, bobbing, swooping, and whirling, in harmony with the rhythm of the tune. Now and then an exhausted pair would reel to a window, where the lady would fan herself and pant, and the gentleman (in three cases out of five an officer) would wipe his forehead with his handkerchief and pass his forefinger round inside the upright collar of his military jacket. Then both would gaze out on the darkness, and, seeing nothing, would turn to each other and launch themselves into the dance once more. Between the pauses I could distinguish Herr Boettcher's brown, curly pate hastening busily backward and forward, and began to remark an increase of illumination in the hall. but was, of course, without suspicion of the cost to myself at which it was being ob-

The huge Russian and I were the only voluntary non-combatants, for the half-score of forlorn creatures (among them the chamber-maid and the bath-girl) who had climbed on the railing of the steps, and were stretching their necks to see what they could see, would gladly have taken part if it had been permitted them. It was now too dark for me to do more than roughly guess at the out. line of my stout neighbor, but I could hear him occasionally take a gulp from his beerglass, sigh heavily, and anon inhale a whiff of eigarette-smoke. I also had drunk a glass of beer; but it now occurred to me to try the possibility of getting something else. I called the waiter and bade him bring me a lemon, some sugar, some hot water, and one or two other things, from which I presently concocted a mixture unknown to Saxon palates, but which proved none the less grateful, on that account, to my own. The cordial aroma must, I think, have been wafted by some friendly breeze to the Russian's nostrils, for after an interval he, too, summoned the waiter, and categorically repeated my own order.

Meanwhile the music surged and beat, and the ball went seething on. "It is much pleasanter, as well as wiser," thought I, "to sit here quiet and cool, beneath the stars, with a good eigar and a fragrant glass of punch for company, than to dance myself hot and tired inyonder close, glaring room." Then, somehow or other, the recollection of that pretty figure with the white parasol and the small, arched feet, which had marched so daintily across my window-pane that afternoon, came into my mind; and I was glad to think that she was not one of the red-faced, promiscuous throng. She belonged to a higher caste than any there; or, at all events, there was in her an innate nicety and refinement which would suffice to keep her from mixing in such an assemblage. The more I reflected upon the matter, the less could I believe that she was a Saxon. I had contracted, it may be, a prejudice against the Saxons, and was slow to give them credit for exceptional elegance of form or bearing. That graceful tourwirethat high-bred manner-no, no! Why might she not be a Spaniard-nay, why not even an American? And here I entered upon the latter half of my glass of punch.

The waiter returned, bearing the Russian's hot water and so forth on a tray, and, having set them before him, hastened off 10 his post at the ballroom-door. glock-glock of liquids, and the subdued tinkle of tumbler and spoon, now became audible from the womb of night, accompanied by occasional laboring sighs and tentative smackings of the lips-tokens that my heavy neighbor was making what, for him, was probably a novel experiment. I became gradually convinced, moreover, that it was not altogether a successful one, and I was more pleased than surprised when I heard him, after a little hesitation, push back his chair and advance upon me out of the darkness, entreating me, in the gentlest tone imaginable, to favor him with a light for his eigarette.

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This having been done, he stood silent a noment, and then observed, engagingly, that he had been informed the gentleman was an American; that the relations of Russia and America had always been cordial; that the fame of the American punch was known to him, but not, alas! the exact method of preparing it; that-

I here ventured to interrupt him, begging that he would bring his glass and his chair to my table, and suffer me to improve the opportunity, so kindly afforded, of introducing him to a national institution, peculiarly adapted to increase the entente cordiale to which he had so pleasantly alluded. He accepted my invitation as frankly as it was given, and in five minutes we were hobnobbing in the friendliest manner in the world. Like all educated Russians, he had a fair understanding of English, and I was anticipating an evening of social enjoyment, when the following incident occurred:

The first part of the ball was over, and an intermission of ten minutes was announced before the beginning of the cotillon. The hall-doors were thrown open, and among the couples that came out upon the steps was one which attracted my attention. The lady, who was dressed in white, after a moment sent back her partner for a shawl, and, during his absence, she stood in such a position that the light from within fell directly upon her face. The man-he was not an officerreturned with the shawl, and folded it around her pretty shoulders with an air that was not to be mistaken. They descended the steps arm-in-arm, and came forward, groping their way and laughing, in our direction. They stumbled upon a table only three or four yards from ours, and sat down to it. After a short confabulation, the man called out "Karl!" and the waiter came.

Karl, two glasses of beer; but quick!" "And a portion of raw ham thereto, Karl," said the lady, in the unmistakable Saxon accent; "I am so frightfully hungry!" "Two glass beer, one portion ham," re-

cited Karl, and hurried off.

The man pulled a cigar from his pocket and lit it with a match. I had recognized him before-he kept a small cigar-shop on See - Strasse, in Dresden. He threw the lighted match on the ground, and it burnt there until the lady put out a small, arched foot, neatly booted, and daintily extinguished It She was a pretty girl for a Saxon, especially a Saxon in her humble rank of life.

Herr Kombustikoff," said I to my Russian friend, "I must leave you. I am very sorry-but I have received a great shock. Good-night!" and I was gone before Karl returned with the raw ham and the beer, and thus it happened that I went to bed so early that night. I rested ill; but it would have fared yet worse with me had I known then, what I discovered next morning, that my too-courteous Russian had gone off after having paid for my punch as well as for his own! Did he imagine that I meant to barter my instruction for the price of the beverage to which it related? May this page meet his eye, and discover to him, at last, the true cause of my unceremonious behavior.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

THE STORY OF THESHIRT:

HISTORIC STEPS IN FRENCH COSTUME.

"Le roi François ne fallit point Quand il prédit que cenx de Guise Mettroient ses enfants en pourpoint Et tous ses suiets en chemise. Sat. Ménipp.-Harangue de M. d'Aubrey.

M. QUICHERAT, in his wonderful work upon the history of costume in France, upon which he has been engaged for more than forty years, ascribes the reputation which the Gauls obtained from the earliest times for their skill in woven fabrics to the results of their commerce with the Phenicians, and the settlements of Greek colonists upon their Mediterranean coast.

The authors of antiquity never spoke but with wonder of the stuffs which they wove, in various colors, in stripes, squares, and flowers.

From the time of their first contact with the Romans, the Gauls were represented as having a costume which distinguished them from every other nation of Europe. The style of it certainly was due to the Asiatics. They wore close-fitting trousers; leather shoes with thick soles; a small, square mantle, under which the body and arms were entirely bare. The Latin has preserved the names they gave to these garments: sagum, for the mantle; bracæ, for the trousers, from which the French braies, the Scotch breeks, and the English breeches. The shoes were styled gallica, which became the French galoches and the English galoshes.

History and archæology are barren of records as to the dress of women among the Gauls. Classic art is very little to be depended on whenever it represents barbarians, as correctness was usually sacrificed to artistic effect. The most important monument in this respect is that in the Villa Ludovisi, of which there is a copy in the park at Versailles. It represents a vanquished Gaul plunging into his breast the dagger with which he has just slain his wife. The latter is dressed in a sagum, the dimensions of which do not exceed those of a neckerchief, and a short, sleeveless tunic which covers a skirt falling down to the feet. The Roman arch at Orange, commemorating the triumph of Marius over the Cimbri, shows us two other women with a single mantle above a skirt, the body being bare as far as the waist. The same mantle with a flap drawn over the head is found in the bass-reliefs on the frieze of the tomb called Amendola, in the Museum of the Capitol at Rome; a beautiful work in which the little Gauls are represented playing in childish light-heartedness around their captive and desolate mothers.

After the Roman conquest the usages of the Gauls by degrees assimilated with those of the conquerors, who were the best administrators the world has ever seen. The quality of Roman citizen, which from step to step might lead to the highest offices of the state, was a reward to the provincials for public services, which Cæsar lavishly bestowed. Those obtaining it adopted the Roman dress, which in some degree affected those of the other classes. The influence of the provinces, on the other hand, in the matter of colors, was such that in the second century Aurelian permitted all except the imperial purple to be used by women. Hitherto the stola and the tunic of Roman women of the better classes had always been white, colors being regarded as a sign of poverty, loose character, or of barbarism.

The distinction between the Romans and the inhabitants of the provinces ceased during the third century by the extension of citizenship to all the free subjects of the empire. Thereafter the old Roman costume, except as a mark of high office, was no longer

in vogue in Gaul.

For women, the fundamental garment was a large and flowing one of linen, with a tunic reaching to the heels. In the fourth century the arms were bare or covered only by the folds flowing from the arm-holes, but in the fifth century they were always covered with close sleeves attached either to the outer or to the under tunic. In 1851 there was discovered, at Martres-de-Veyres, the tomb of a woman of the fourth century, of high rank. The corpse was in perfect preservation, and was lying face downward. The hair was of a dark chestnut, six feet in length, and separated at the end into four locks. The body was covered with four tissues of wool, which unfortunately were removed in layers without taking note of the form of the garments which they made. All that is known is, that a single piece enveloped the middle, and that the others covered the body from the neck to the feet. The outermost was fringed and of coarse appearance; the next was finer; the last, of altogether delicate workmanship, contained threads of gold and of silk. The museum at Clermont retains the slippers on the feet of the skeleton. These are of leather, pointed and raised in front, with no quarters, and with a thick sole made of cork.

In the Merovingian era, from the fifth to the sixth century, accounts of the costume are highly contradictory. The Roman monuments, which prove little in themselves, represent the women with bare arms. But what makes it more likely that this is in accordance with the fact, is the extreme severity with which the Salic law punished the laying of hands upon the arms of a freewoman. This offense brought upon the culprit a fine equal to that imposed for stealing

an ox.

In the time of Charlemagne the illuminations of the manuscripts represent the women invariably as wearing two robes with a manteau thrown over the head in the manner of a veil. The outer robe, provided with large, short sleeves, is flowing, often open half-way up, leaving uncovered the under robe, which sweeps the ground and has close sleeves.

In the early feudal times their costume had little changed from that of Charlemagne. A caprice of the tenth century consisted in tucking the flaps of the tunic in the girdle in such a way that the skirt fell in front and behind in folds like those of a bed-curtain.

Of the two tunies with which the body was clothed, the under was called chainse, the outer bliaud. Chainse is, in very old French, a masculine form of chemise; bliand, becoming bliande in the feminine, gave origin to the modern blouse.

The chainse was most often of white linen: "Blane comme chainse" was a proverbial saying. The bliand was made of woolen or silken stuff, and came down as far as the feet. During the tenth and eleventh centuries it was cut so as to form several great folds at the sides, but was tight in front and over the loins. It had large, open sleeves, which showed the arm covered with the artistically-folded sleeves of the chainse.

The part played by this latter garment in the history of French costume is an interesting one to follow. The Imperial Treasury at Vienna possesses a bliaud and a chainse whose date is fixed, by an inscription in the embroidery, as of the end of the twelfth century. The chainse is of fine linen. A square neck-piece of silk, richly embroidered, adorns the upper part, with a button for the flap of the opening. A wide border of violet silk, embroidered, at the bottom and at the wrists, further ornaments it, while two bands of blue silk, also embroidered, cross the sleeves in the middle.

The men continued to wear the braies, and on horseback they wore a chainse open at the sides half-way up, and, the bliaud being drawn up, it looked like two streamers of white linen flapping about the legs of the horseman. The effect was not bad, but it was dangerous in case of losing the stirrups. For war the inconvenience of these flying skirts was manifest, and many cavaliers refused to follow the style. The costume for the two sexes remained long, but in the middle of the fourteenth century there was a change in the number and in the cut of the garments. Moreover, it departed from the essential principle, which, up to that time, was that it should be of two pieces only. People had become more delicate, and experienced the need of covering the body more. The chainse was transformed into the chemise, in the sense we understand it, a fundamental garment of linen, which every person of condition wore next the skin.

The under-robe was ordinarily of wool and called the cotte (coat). Different names designated the outer robe, the most usual term being surcot. The latter had short sleeves for the women, showing those of the cotte, which was otherwise covered. As for the chemise, it was entirely covered, as at present. The later artifices to display this garment will be shown in their place, but one remark in this connection may be made, which applies to all the linen of the toilet. In modern times we esteem it white only when it is heightened by a bluish tinge. When it is in the least yellow it is insufferable, and is at once sent to the wash-tub. In the thirteenth century, on the contrary, it was the yellow tinge that was sought after, and the use of saffron for all linen was in vogue. It was even esteemed a mark of beauty in the complexion, and a poet complains of the

"Saffrens et estranges colours Qu'elles metent en lor visages."

Very soon the surcots were worn without a girdle, and means were taken to show the body of the cotte by openings in the sides, through which was seen not only the cotte, but the richness of the girdle, which now was worn upon the under-garment.

The élégantes of the time profited by these openings to show the chemise by means of other cuts in the cotte. And (who would believe it?) there were those who continued the slashes even upon the chemise, so that the whiteness of the skin beneath might be perceived—

" Une autre laisse, tout de gré, Sa char apparoir au costé."

This sufficiently explains why the preachers called the slashes of the dress "windows of bell."

There was, afterward, a sort of cotte without girdle and open at the top (sorquanie), to show the bust. This was what the women of Languedoc wore laced in front, through the lacings of which were shown the folds of a chemise, gathered, frilled, and embroidered in silk and gold. In the last years of the thirteenth century a law was passed forbidding laced cottes, as well as embroidered chemises. Brides only, by tolerance, were allowed the latter on the weddingday and for a year after, not a day longer.

Jacques de Vitry, the greatest preacher of his day, who afterward became cardinal, had previously set down in the list of diabolic trades the manufacture of chemises too finely ornamented. The moralists had always waged the war against scandalous fashions upon the wearers. This one attacked the makers. He menaced with eternal damnation those who ministered to the frivolity.

It was not until the middle of the fourteenth century that the influence of Spanish modes brought about a change in French costume. Except with the clerks and the clergy, who retained the "long robe," short garments replaced the long tunics. The outer garment, reaching to the knees, was called the jacquet, the under-garment the pourpoint or gipon, the one opening at the front, the other at the side. The chemise, shortened like the rest, became universal. The opposition to such a radical change was violent, as may be imagined. The chronicler of St.-Denis looks upon the defeat at Crécy as a punishment for the wicked pride displayed by his countrymen: "And for this, no wonder that God wished to chastise the excess of the French by his scourge, the King of England." Another chronicler is of a different opinion. Instead of seeing in the disaster of Crécy the consequence of the change of style, he pretends that this change was only a preparation for the disaster. "The nobles," he says, "put themselves in light trim in order the better to run from the enemy."

At the close of the next century the wretched state of the country, and the example of Louis XI., put a great check upon the extravagance in dress. In prosperous Burgundy, however, the opposite state of things prevailed.

Speaking of the shortness of the dress of the men, which exposed the lower limbs, the chronicler of Arras, Jacques Duclercq, continues: "And with this they have the sleeves of their robes and of their pourpoints cut open in such a manner that their arms show through a thin chemise, which chemise

has a large sleeve." These openings in the sleeves to allow the chemise to protrude were something new. But the style had come by degrees. The object of the slashes was at first to show that the sleeves of the DONE. point, which were entirely covered by the rohe or jacquet, were actually of the same material as the body. It was but another step to follow the same course and by other open. ings to show the sleeves of the chemise. This honor paid to the chemise came from the perfection to which linen fabrics had arrived in the fifteenth century. Holland produced linens of wonderful fineness and whiteness The additional merit of costliness assured their success as an article of luxury. The linen, at first exhibited upon the arms, was shown afterward upon the body, the shoulders, and even the thighs, by the always increasing number of slashes.

In the France of Louis XI., novelties were very slowly introduced in the dress of the women, which continued to fit closely to the body and arms. Only to the low cut which had been introduced in front was added another at the back. The neck or shoulder piece of gauze, which went all around the part thus opened, took the name of gorgia, which name soon became used in other meanings very common up to the seventeenth cestury. A gorgias, or a gorgiase, was a man or woman who dressed in a provoking and pompous manner. The English "gorgeous" and "gorgeousness" came from this word.

At the death of Louis XI. we may regard the middle ages as ended, and its costumes as well. The freedom of the body from the restrictions of the garments became the rule. Another modern symptom was the effort to unite economy with splendor. Hitherto the very linings of the garments were, apparently as a matter of conscience, of the most costly material. Queen Anne, of Brittany, had her cottes lined with linen, with a border of silk, more or less wide at the bottom of the skirt and wrists. From the economies to the tricks of the toilet is but a step, and these last have been faithfully recorded by the satirists of the fifteenth century. The

"... paltry cis-Atlantic lies,
That round his breast the shabby rustic ties,"
which Dr. Holmes so vigorously stigmatizes,
excited poetic wrath four hundred years before his day. The gallants with slender purses
of the time of Charles VIII. showed through
the opening of the pourpoint a fine handkerchief instead of the costly shirt. But, on
the other hand, as Coquillart says, the latter
was often "as large as a meal-bag"—

"Mais la chemise elle est souvent Grosse comme un sac de moulin."

The language became rich in terms applied to those who sought notoriety by exaggerations in dress. The bragards, from which we get our "braggart," though the etymologists don't mention it, were those who turned their attention to the garment called braiss, and displayed a fold of the chemise between it and the pourpoint.

In the sixteenth century, in spite of the edict against the use of gold and silver in the apparel, we find Blaise de Montlue's description of a chemise ornamented with crimson silk and embroidered with gold

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This ornamentation could be seen only at the collar and wrists, as the chemise was entirely covered by the pourpoint. The collar was turned down, and was adorned not only with embroidery of gold, but also with pearls. This lasted till the end of the reign mate. of Henry II., when a return was made to the filled collar, which had already been tried in 1540.

A hundred years later the dimensions of the pourpoint were greatly diminished, and the slashes fewer in number. There were so many fashions in regard to it that the tailors could scarcely respond to the demands upon their ingenuity.

Under Louis XIII. there were either two or four cuts up and down the pourpoint, through which the snowy folds of the chemise escaped :

Renfloit en beaux bouillons neigeux, Comme petits flots escumeux.

Richelieu, on account of their foreign manufacture, had introduced an edict forbidding the use of laces which ornamented the collar and sleeves of the chemise. But the passion for them was so strong that Tallemant des Réaux relates the story of a certain Pardaillan who, when about to reach the house in which he meant to pay a visit, closed the curtains of his coach in order to put on his laces. His visit finished, he removed them in the same manner. In the early years of Louis XIV. and after the death of Richelieu, the rage for laces took on a new fervor. The very minuteness of the prohibitions of the new edicts was taken advantage of in evading them. Thus, laces being specifically forbidden at the neck and wrists of the chemise, the ingenuity of fashion succeeded in applying them at another portion in a manner which is thus set forth in the "Lois de la Galanterie Françoise" of 1644: "You must know that what they call a jabot is the fall of the chemise over the stomach, which must always be shown with its ornaments of lace. for it is only your old dotard that goes buttoned all the way down."

Now, the "jabot" is properly the crop of a bird, and whoever has noticed the appearance it presents in a young bird before it is covered by the feathers, will see how the word came to be applied to the fold of the chemise which escaped from the pourpoint.

Later on, the pourpoint was shortened, and the waist lowered to allow a great puff of the chemise to encircle the body. The effect at first was ridiculous, because it seemed at every step as if the essential garment below was about to drop off, and when worn in the street it was greeted with childish shouts of warning. But, as there is nothing to which fashion does not reconcile us, the style was soon carried to the extremest lengths. Later on in the same reign, the pourpoints, which had already lost one-half of their bodies, had two-thirds of their sleeves cut away. Nothng was more appropriate than the name of brassières, which Molière applied to them. From the shortening thus effected, the chemise gained on the arms as well as upon the body what the outer garment had lost. But it may easily be supposed that, with so much exposure as this, the chemise alone could not protect the body against the cold. Underneath it a camisole and an under-chemise were worn

Toward the end of the seventeenth century rich laces, tours de manches, ordinarily in three rows, bordered the short sleeves of the dress of the grandes-dames, and lace poignets the sleeves of the chemise, although they stopped very much above the wrists.

In the first quarter of the last century the veste, which had earlier replaced the pourpoint, was opened above and half-way down, displaying the chemise and the cravate. This last, which owed its origin to the Croats who served in the armies of the king, was of linen or muslin, with very long and voluminous ends hanging down in front. It is the prolongation of the cravate which gave the idea of the jabot, as the term is now used. A black ribbon knotted over the throat, or a collar of muslin fastened behind, having replaced the pendent cravate, a frill of lace was placed upon the chemise, which kept up the appearance of the folds of the cravate that had hitherto protruded from the opening of the veste.

With both sexes the exposure of the chemise upon the body and on the arms reached its greatest height at the latter part of the preceding century. The closing years of the eighteenth century witnessed, in the costume of the incroyables of the Directory, a reduction of this exposure to an extent just sufficient to show the place where a golden breastpin, with a jeweled head, was fastened.

The ruffles and frills of the earlier years of the Empire and the Restoration have ceased to be worn by the Frenchmen of the present day, while with the women the garment is no longer a visible part of the costume, although it is not regarded, as by some of their English and American sisters, as one not to be mentioned in polite society.

A PARTING.

"GOOD-BY, then!" And he turned away, No other word between them spoken; You hardly could have guessed that day How close a bond was broken.

The faint, slight tremor of the hand That clasped her own in that brief parting, Only her heart could understand, Who saw the tear-drops starting-

Who felt a sudden surge of doubt, Come rushing back unbidden o'er her, As with the words her life without His presence loomed before her.

The others saw, the others heard A calm, cool man, a gracious woman; A quiet, brief farewell, unstirred By aught at all uncommon.

She knew a solemn die was cast, She knew that two paths now must sever; That one familiar step had passed Out of her life forever.

To all the rest it merely meant A trivial parting, lightly spoken; She read the bitter mute intent, She knew-a heart was broken!

BARTON GREY.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT is quite possible that the old saying, "Beware of the man of one book," has very generally been misunderstood all these years. It is at least by no means certain that the usual interpretation is the idea intended to be conveyed. Perhaps, instead of an admonition to fear the thoroughness of the man of one study or one specialty, the saying meant to imply that the man of one book is to be avoided as a tremendous bore, as a fellow wholly one-sided, with narrow and disproportionate ideas of things. But, whatever may have been the original purport of the maxim, it is entirely certain that the saying will bear the definition we have suggested. From some points of view it looks as if it were altogether the wisest construction to be put upon it. If catholicity of taste and largeness of judgment are important intellectual conditions, then we must look upon the man of a single study as one incompetent to fulfill his duties toward society in an adequate and satisfactory manner. And yet, as we all know, there are very decided reasons why there should be men closely devoted to special studies. The arts and sciences are too difficult for a man to do more than completely master one or two of them in the short period of life that is given him; and hence it is obvious that there must be men of "one book," if the race is to achieve perfect knowledge and mastery of its surroundings. This necessity has impressed many persons so deeply that we hear on all sides utterances as to the urgency of thoroughness in a few things rather than a superficial knowledge of many things. It is declared that the vice of the age is the habit of half learning things, and that in America, especially, the thing most incumbent upon educators at the present moment is, to insist upon a few things well learned.

If there is any mistake in this attitude it is in assuming that a principle which is forcibly applicable to all professional persons is also applicable to all laymen. It is indeed true that every lawyer, every physician, every engineer, every chemist, every naturalist, every artisan, should each bend his energies to the mastering of his chosen pursuit. Half knowledge in one's profession is wholly inexcusable. Half knowledge in any thing in which full knowledge is requisite, by one's position or one's profession, is not to be tolerated. But outside of one's special pursuit, why should one not seek to obtain a sort of general conception of other arts, seiences, and professions? As it is simply impossible ordinarily for one to have more than a slight knowledge of a majority of the sciences, there is assuredly no reason why he

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may not get at least this surface knowledge. Our happiness, our ability to enjoy the society of our fellow-mer, largely depends upon our capacity to know something of many things. A man should know enough of drawing and the laws of color to enjoy works of art; enough of the principles of music to appreciate the compositions of the great masters; enough of astronomy to comprehend the general laws of the solar system ; enough of ethnology to be entertained by the history of races; enough of natural history to awaken a zest in the habits and strange facts of animal life; enough, in brief, of all of the arts and sciences to enable him to feel an intelligent interest in all that they have accomplished. What service, we may ask, would specialists render the world if every man were solely absorbed in one study, so wrapped up in his own purposes as to be cold and indifferent to everything done by others? There must be a class on the alert to know something of many things, in order that the labors of specialists may be of any avail. Imagine a party of a dozen one-ideaed men at dinner-without a single ground of common sympathy upon which all could meet! Great as might be the achievements of each in such a group of savants, one would prefer the society of the most confirmed smatterers in the world. Smattering is innocent enough just so long as it does not pretend to be any thing more-just so long as it is the result of a mental activity which is not content in being wholly in the dark as to matters going on in the world. Let us say here that our knowledge of a thing should be sound as far as it goes. A man may acquire very little, yet that little ought to be and may be accurate, it may be discriminating and just, and it should be in its degree

Of course we do not object to, indeed, would urge, the utmost thoroughness practicable. The question we raise is, whether men and women are to be exhaustively cultivated in a few things, or partially cultivated in the whole range of studies. Should we know every minute fact in a few sciences to the exclusion of the large, general facts of all the sciences? Is it not well to know the outlines of some arts rather than not to know any thing about them at all? Every welldeveloped character should be many-sided, hospitable to all forms of thought, and alert to all aspects of taste and study, even if it necessarily must touch some of the things it comes in contact with only superficially. It is only, as we have already said, your fool that, in imagining his half glimpse whole knowledge, renders catholicity of study in the eyes of certain people something to be deplored. We cannot get rid of the fools; it is necessary, indeed, that we ourselves should be on guard so as not to mistake superficial for exhaustive knowledge; but he whose mental survey commands an extended and varied prospect, even if he does not know accurately all the minute phases of the blended view, is better fitted for intellectual and asthetic enjoyment than he who has shut up all his faculties and all his sympathies in one narrow road.

In Mr. Charles Reade's concluding letter to the *Tribune* on international copyright there is the following in regard to the abundance of material for the purposes of American authors:

"What is the position in the world of the American writer? Does he keep pace with the American patentee? Why, it is a complete contrast : one is up, the other is down; one leads old nations, the other follows them ; one is a sun diffusing his own light over his own hemisphere and ours, the other a pale moon lighted by Europe. Yet the American mechanical inventor has only the forces and materials our mechanical inventor can command; whereas the American writer has larger, more varied, and richer materials than ours. Even in fiction, what new materials has the English artist compared with that goldmine of nature, incident, passion, and character-life in the vast American Republic? Here you may run on one rail from the highest civilization to the lowest, and inspect the intervening phases, and write the scale of man. You may gather in a month, amid the noblest scenes of Nature, the history of the human mind, and note its progress. Here are red With us man, black man, and white man, man is all of a color, and nearly all of a piece; there contrasts more piquant than we ever see, spring thick as weeds; larger and more natural topics ring through the land, discussed with broader and freer eloquence; in the very Senate the passions of well-dressed men break the bounds of convention, and nature and genuine character speak out in places where with us etiquette has subdued them to a whisper. Land of flery passions and humors infinite, you offer such a garden of fruits as Molière never sunned himself in, nor Shakespeare either! And what food for poetry and romance were the feats of antiquity compared with the exploits of this people? Fifty thousand Greeks besieged a Phrygian city fighting for a rotten leaf—the person of an adulteress, without her mind. This ten years' waste of time is a fit subject for satire; only genius has perverted it into an epic-what cannot genius do? But what was this, in itself, and what were the puny wars of Pompey and Casar compared with a civil war, where not a few thousand soldiers met on either side to set one Pompey up, one Cæsar down; but armies like those of Xerxes encountered again and again, fighting, not for the possession of a wanton, nor the pride of a general, but for the integrity of a nation and the rights of man? Yet the little old things seem great, and the great new things sound small. Carent quia vate

"The other day man's greatest feat of labor was the Chinese Wall. It is distanced. An iron road binds hemispheres together. See it carried over hill and dale, through civilized and uncivilized countries; see the buffaloes glare and snort, and the wild tribes gallop to and fro in rage and terror as civilization

marches, with sounding trend, from sea to sea. See iron labor pierce the bowels of the mountain, and span the lake's broad bosom. It oreeps, it marches, it climbs, it soars, it never halts; the savages arm, and saddle their wild steeds; they charge, they fire, they assasinate, they wheel about, with flaming eyes and flying arrows; then civilization takes its rife in one hand, and its pick in the other, and the labors of war and peace go on together, and still the mighty iron road creeps, climbs, and marches, from hemisphere to hemisphere and sea to sea.

" These are the world-wide feats that touch mankind, and ought to thrill mankind. Yet they go for less than small old things done in holes and corners. Carent quia vate sacro. For there where the soil is so fertile, art is sterile. Few are the pens that glow with sacred fire; few great narrators, and not one great dramatist. Read the American papers-you revel in a world of new truths, new fancies, and glorious crude romance, awaiting but the hand of art; you roll in gold-dust. Read their dramss or narratives. How French! How British! How faint beside the swelling themes life teems with in this nation that is thinking, working, speaking, and living, and doing every thing-except writing-at a rate of march without a present rival or a past parallel beneath the sun !"

This is all very eloquent, and will strike, no doubt, many minds as conclusive. But the fact is, that rich and varied as the material of American life may seem, there is something about it that does not readily translate into art. In all its manifestations that are distinctively its own, it is raw and crude, without atmosphere, so to speak, and without tone; and this is the main reason why American literature has been so lagging. We doubt if the absence of international copyright has had much to do with it; this may possibly have repressed it a little, inasmuch as English books in cheap reprints have in a measure taken possession of the reading public. But we know of no distinctly forcible American book that has failed to get a hearing, and no really strong writer that is without recognition. But that successful authors are few, is because it requires more skill and genius here to model national material into art-forms than it does in old countries. This makes the chances of success in literature here less, while on the other hand the professions offer to ambitious minds with us many more brilliant opportunities than they do in other countries. In brief, the social elements here are not very amenable to art, while the intellectual forces nearly all tend to law, banking, medicine, and trade.

We have, moreover, one serious national defect. The genius of America is not dramatic. It is very active, as Mr. Reade so eloquently describes, in a hundred things; it is inventive, it is inquisitive, it is scientific, it is even within certain bounds artistic; but its lack of dramatic passion and perception chills all high production in the domain of the imagination. It can write no dramas;

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it is only partially successful in the novel: and while our artistic genius is very charming in landscape, it is utterly weak in historic or dramatic composition. We have had grand orators, excellent historians, charming essayists, noble idyllic poets, but our novelists as a class have been inferior, and our dramatists utterly puerile. We may ret, however, hope for strong things. It does not follow, because the difficulties are great, that we shall not be able in time to overcome them. There are, indeed, indications that our writers are rising to the level of their tasks. Bret Harte has shown how art may manage the wild incidents of frontier life; and hence it may be believed that the turbulent conditions of other forms of our sharply-contrasted civilization may yet come under the control of dexterous hands; and in the land where the soil is so fertile, art, in the form to which Mr. Reade refers, may vet case to be sterile.

THE English are a music-loving people, though England has never yet produced a composer of the first rank. Michael William Balfe has, among British subjects, attained the highest eminence; and he was an Irishman, nor was his greatest work-" Il Talismano "-fully recognized as a work of genius till after his death. England lost a good composer, though not a great one, in William Vincent Wallace; and gives promise of developing another of a higher order of talent, in Arthur Sullivan. But England has given to the world no Beethoven, like Germany; no Gounod or Auber, like France; no Rossini, like Italy. Yet, of all cities, London is the most hospitable to the lyric art. The most distinguished artists there receive the highest remuneration, and are rewarded by the most generous and substantial constancy. Hitherto, the London opera-goer, however, has been forced to put up with many discomforts. There may be some compensation to the English mind for the dinginess, the bad acoustics, the uncomfortable seats, the difficulty of access of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, in their venerable associations. Even the prosaic American finds gratification in the thought that he is sitting in the house where Kean stormed and Kemble strutted, which echoed the peerless voice of Malibran, and on whose boards tripped the lightsome Ellsler. Yet the Londoners have gradually awoke to the fact that their two great historic theatres are wofully dismal and barnlike; that their seats are cramped and angular; that they too often fail to render up to the listener's ear the sound sent forth from the actor's throat; that the modes of ingress and egress are curiously inconvenient; and that the neighborhood in which they stand is one of the murklest and dreariest slums in

the town. So there is to be a new operahouse, "national" in design, in a cheerful quarter, built for comfort, convenience, and hearing, with ample provisions for emptying the house in the quickest possible time in the event of fire, and supplied with all the latest devices of luxury and elegant adornment. The first brick has just been laid on the Thames Embaukment by Mademoiselle Tietjens, and ere long the "Franco-Italian" edifice will rise, with tower, colonnade, and balcony, adding one more to the group of noble piles which decorate either side of the Thames at Westminster. The plan is less ostentatious and more commodious than that of the Grand Opéra at Paris; for the English, while ambitious to emulate other nations in artistic elegance, are determined as well to be comfortable and safe. The new opera - house will be finished, it is said, in time for the operatic season of 1876; if so, it will be a feat of architecture, indeed. When it is done and in full use, it will be a satisfaction to the visitor to London to go to the opera, through wide and well-lighted streets, and not, as at present, by crooked ways and lanes, which are nests of thieves and haunts of wretched poverty.

MANY and wise have been the "counterblasts against tobacco" since the day of royal and pedantic James; and just now there seems to be a sort of anti-tobacco revival in England. A correspondent lately tried to wean smokers from their "blessed weed" by describing, with harrowing minuteness, the unpleasant method of manufacturing cigars in France; and now comes one erudite Dr. Drysdale, with an array of figures and a whole arsenal of dreadful medical terms, to prove that, unless tobacco is abandoned, the people will become dwarfs and idiots, commerce will dwindle and the coal-fields be exhausted, armies will cease to march and the factories subside into a dreary and hopeless silence. The doctor almost sympathizes with that African tribe in whose criminal code the use of tobacco is only a degree less heinous than murder. He complains that tobacco is a relic of barbarism, the gift of savages to civilization; he forgets that coffee, and spices, and green corn, and a hundred other things, are presents to us from the same humble source. What he does not prove is that the use of tobacco palpably and seriously diminishes length of life, stature, physical or mental vigor. It may be that an analysis of tobacco-smoke betrays the presence of a number of acids with long Latin names, "ethylamine," "pyridine, "viridine," and other elements no less terrible than mysterious to the ordinary smoker; but nearly three centuries of smoking in England has not perceptibly deteriorated the race which,

the Spectator assures us, is as large, as strong, as energetic, mentally and bodily, as ever it was. It may be added that cases of ruined health from the use of tobacco are more rare than deaths by many articles of food which Dr. Drysdale would never think of tabooing. and are mainly confined to cases of its use in excess. But the doctor's fulmination is against tobacco smoked; tobacco chewed is an unknown abomination in his country, and bence the direful effect of this use of the weed is not expounded by the worthy savant, Nor are the social nuisances connected with the use of tobacco-which we have so often touched upon-taken into consideration; and after all it may be questioned whether the infliction of tobacco-smoke and tobaccosaliva upon innocent persons is not as great an evil as the sanitary effects upon those who indulge; for in the one case a man is a voluntary sufferer by his own excesses, in the other he is the helpless victim of other people's intolerable selfishness.

OUR London letter of last week came to hand so late that it was burried into print after a hasty reading, and hence one statement therein escaped our notice until it was too late to amend it. This was, that Mr. Charles Reade had "rushed into print in order to defend Colonel Baker, of indecent-assault infamy." Our correspondent was in error. Mr. Reade wrote a letter to the London Telegraph, not to defend Colonel Baker's conduct, but to prove by numerous citations from police records that the sentence of Colonel Baker-in regard to the supposed leniency of which there is a wide-spread feeling in England-instead of being lenient, as compared with other sentences of a similar nature, was really unusually severe; and Mr. Reade, instead of defending the culprit, thinks "it most proper a gentleman should be more severely punished for so heinous an offense." In justice to Mr. Reade, we think it incumbent upon us to make this explanation.

Literary.

THE task to which Professor Cocker has addressed himself in his "Theistic Conception of the World" is no less than to vindicate Christianity and the Christian conception of the origin, method, and government of the universe against all assailants, whether the attack be based on metaphysical or a priori grounds, or on the "previsions" of physical science. To the performance of this task he brings carefully-trained logical powers, wide general culture thorough familiarity with Biblical exegesis and the copious literature of metaphysics,

^{*} The Theistic Conception of the World. An Essay in Opposition to Certain Tendencies of Modern Thought. By B. F. Cocker, D. D., LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

considerable acquaintance with the methods and data of the leading sciences, a vigorous and lucid style, and great fervor of conviction. He evidently believes that the Issue between himself and the "advanced thinkers" of the period involves the very foundation of all religion; and he addresses himself to its discussion with every species of argument, and all the force of eloquence that he can command.

As a specimen of skillful dialectics Professor Cocker's book is admirable, but it is open to criticism in several minor points. It was incumbent upon him to deal with science as it really is, and not merely with his particular version of science; yet we doubt very much whether scientific men would, with any degree of unanimity, accept his dicta concerning the "tendencies" and "conclusions" of science, for it would be easy to establish almost any conclusions if we followed Professor Cocker's plan of stating a proposition, citing in support of it those who it is well known advocate such opinions, and ignoring the fact that others equally eminent hold radically opposite opinions. Another similar feature of the professor's argument is the facility with which he will quote an author in support of some proposition which he wishes to strengthen, and ignore him when he comes to a cognate proposition which he wishes to refute. For example, Mr. J. S. Mill is quoted with great satisfaction in support of the argument that the uniformity of Nature is an induction from experience and not a primary intuition, but it is nowhere intimated that Mr. Mill held that the other so-called "primary intuitions," for which Professor Cocker is more zealous, are "inductions from experience" also.

"The Theistic Conception of the World" is an able book, well worth the attention of thoughtful readers; but its chief value lies, perhaps, in the indication which it affords of the extent to which Christian metaphysics are being influenced by the progress of scientific discovery.

"THE CALDERWOOD SECRET," by Miss Virginia W. Johnson (New York: Harper & Brothers), is another illustration of the incongruity which results from the attempt to construct a romance out of the crude materials of our every-day American life. Somehow an old family, with a long pedigree beginning with a mysterious emigré, a venerable family mansion slowly crumbling into ruin, an ancestral curse operating through two or three generations, and a century-old will disemboweled from the interior of a Chinese idol, refuse to harmonize with the clatter of machinery, the broad daylight of common schools, and the fever of speculation on Wall Street. Had the scene of Miss Johnson's story been laid in Virginia, it might perhaps have been acquiesced in ; but, when the locale alternates between a thriving manufacturing village on the banks of the Delaware and St. George's Square, New York, the obstacles encountered are too much for the imagination. The sense of incongruity is deepened, moreover, by the characters to whom is intrusted the working out of the plot. These are, or are intended to be, typical Americans of the period, to bind whom in the fetters of romance would require rather more ingenuity on the part of the author than was displayed by Theodore Hook in his derivation of pickled cucumbers from the prophet Jeremiah.

Aside from this fundamental error, the story is well constructed and fairly readable throughout. Miss Johnson conceives her characters clearly, and possesses considerable power of delineation. Anstice is, perhaps, too pale-hued a heroine to catch the reader's fancy, but Andrew Keith and his daughter Maggie are thoroughly good portraitures, as are also the three Buckley Calderwoods, and the star-gazing clergyman and his wife. We never expect the hero of a woman's novel to be more than a highly-respectable aggregation of epithets, and Eugene Dillon acts his part in the present story about as well as most other characters of his type. The servant, Ann, would be a very good portrait but for a touch of grotesquerie at the close. Irishwomen don't go mad nowadays over the death of a mistress, and, if they did, their madness would hardly take the form of decorating a grave with flowers.

Miss Johnson's style is so good that it would really be worth all the trouble it would cost her to eliminate a few pet mannerisms into which she has fallen—for instance, the perpetual linking of her "scenery" to the particular mood of some one of her characters, or to some critical circumstance of her story. We might, indeed, renew our quarred with the word "knightly;" but Miss Johnson, like other Southern writers, evidently uses it as a local euphemism for a man who keeps his face and hands clean, who lifts his hat to a lady, who resists all temptation to lie, cheat, or steal, and who indulges in fine sentiments toward the gentler sex.

THE papers which for some months past have been appearing in Blackwood's Magazine under the title of "The Abode of Snow" have been gathered into a volume, and reprinted in this country by G. P. Putnam's Sons. During the course of the publication of the series in Blackwood we several times gave our readers a proof of their quality by extracts published in our department of "Miscellany." "The Abode of Snow"-a title derived from the literal meaning of Himalaya (hima, snow, and alaya, abode)-is the result of "observations on a tour from Chinese Thibet to the Indian Caucasus, through the upper valleys of the Himalaya," a ground of which the world has hitherto known very little, and which Mr. Andrew Wilson, the present traveler, describes with a good deal of spirit and graphic power. Mr. Wilson is the son of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, one of the oldest and most respected missionaries of India, and had made literary reputation previous to this work by a history of the suppression of the Chinese Tai - ping rebellion. His trip through the upper valleys of the Himalaya was undertaken partly for his health's sake, partly for pleasure, and partly, no doubt, in order to make a contribution to the world's knowledge of an unfamiliar region, Mr. Wilson is an admirable traveler. He is a good

observer and a good relator; he carries his reader into the spirit of his experiences, and paints the scenes that he witnesses in colors that transfer them effectively to the imagination of his listeners. The general outline of his travels is as follows: Starting from the Himalayan Sanitarium Mussoorie (Masuri), he proceeded via Umballa to Simla, and thence struck off northeast, across the Himalayas, toward Chinese Thibet, which it was his first intention to explore. After passing through many hardships, he reached the town of Shipki, a Thibetan frontier-city of considerable importance. Here he was met by determined opposition from the natives, whom nothing could induce to allow him to proceed into Thibet, or even to remain in Shipki itself. He was obliged to turn abruptly westward toward Cashmere, and set forth on a novel route for that famous valley. He skirted the northern slopes of the Himalavas, at an elevation of nearly ten thousand feet, often traversing remote valleys and giddy passes never before trod by the foot of a European. All around him was an everchanging scene, which for grandeur could be excelled by no other on the face of the globe. Now the reader descends with the adventurous traveler into a dark gorge overhung by precipices, with a foaming torrent for its bed. dimly seen through shadows and a film of rising spray. We are then taken along the crisp snow more than sixteen thousand feet above sea-level, and given a glimpse of a distant giant of the Himalayas towering some ten thousand feet higher still above us. We pass through Lahaul and solitary Zanskar, till the broad waters of the Jhelam appear before us, and we enter the charming vale of Cashmere. Thence Mr. Wilson continues his journey into British territory, and, passing through Abottabad and Peshawur, visits the Khyber Pass and a small part of Afghan ter-

The American publishers have evidently rechaptered the book, and in doing so overlooked some of the references in the preface, where we are referred to chapter twenty-nine for an explanation of how the phrase "abode of snow" is a literal translation of the Sanskrit compound "Himalaya;" and to chapter thirty-five for another matter, whereas the American edition contains but ten chapters, all told!

THE concluding paragraph of the Academy's excellent notice of General Sherman's "Memoirs" (written by Colonel Chesney) is as follows: "There were those among us, at the time of the great Civil War, who hoped that it would end in the independence of the South, not so much from sympathy for that side, as from the belief that, in the spectacle of two rival nations in the West facing each other across several thousand miles of border, there would be found a guarantee for the continued independence, if not the political supremacy, of England. Those who are still in that way of thinking must surely, we may hope, be few. Whatever may have been the merits of the quarrel, in the first place, the final issue of the war has been a blessing to the world. When we look at the state of Europe, and see how one great war becomes merely the forerunner of another, to be still more momentous and destructive; how we seem to be getting farther

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ner and and farther from the chance of peace, as whole nations are taken away from the work of life to be used in the work of death, and the neatest way of killing our fellow-creatures occupies every day more and more attention-one might despair for the future of humanity if we could not turn to the opposite picture pre-sented by the Western world. There, at any rate, we have an instance where a cruel war has yet led to a lasting peace; and in the spectacle of a great continent peopled by an undivided nation, which has had the firmness and fortitude to put down internal dissensions at any cost, we have surely a political condition which is immeasurably superior to that presented by Europe, where the different nations, all armed to the teeth, are only waiting for the chances of fortune to be on their side to fy at each others' throats. The condition of the United States shows, happily, that this degraded condition is not an essential condition of humanity. And men like Sherman, who gave up their peaceful occupations in soberness and sorrow, and took to war in order to make war impossible in their country for the future, are patriots in the truest

Mr. CHARLES READE makes the extraordimary statement, in his last letter to the Tribune on the copyright question, that one hundred and twenty thousand copies are not a very large sale for a book in this country, and that he has known books that have quadrupled that figare in a year's sale. We should be glad to know the titles of the books that have met with this remarkable success. We should like to hear, indeed, the titles of those that have reached the sale of one hundred and twenty thousand. With the exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," we can recall no book that has met with a sale in excess of the last-named figure. Of course, we are not referring to school-books. Instead of one hundred and twenty thousand not being a very large sale for this country, onehalf the number is a very great success, and books of some of the most popular authors do not attain a sale of over thirty thousand copies. Mr. Reade is wild in his figures.

THE Spectator has a very poor opinion of the much-trumpeted "Speaker's Commentary" which was to rout secular exegetists, and place the theology of the English Church on the sure basis of demonstrated truth. It says, referring to the most recently-published volume: "Nelson, in reporting the rout of a Neapolitan army, said, 'They lost little honor in the battle, for, though they lost all they had, that was very little.' And the story recurs to us on reading the commentary on Isaiah in this volume; for we might say that small as have been the merits of the previous volumes, the demerit of the first half of this one is greater than could have been expected even in the 'Speaker's Commentary.' Whatever the promises in the original prospectus, every real student of the Bible knows that he need not look to that 'Commentary' for any thoroughly honest criticism, such as is available in all good commentaries on the classical literatures. Orthodoxy, not truth, is, we might say avowedly, the first object of the editors and contributors. In as far as orthodary coincides with truth, as it does in the main, these commentators uphold the truth with more or less, but generally considerable, learning and ability, though, being clergymen, it is mostly the homiletic side of the truth, with but indifferent appreciation of the great historical characteristics of Jehovah's chosen nation; but, wherever modern science has ahown that the old orthodox notions and phrases are not true in their literal, and still popular, acceptation—as in reference to the Creation, the Deluge, the longevity of the antediluvians, and many other unverified traditions—these orthodox errors are dressed up in language made to look as like as possible to that of honest criticism within the lines of modern thought and knowledge, but really meaning nothing, after all."

THERE is one species of American literature for which the Saturday Review can always find a word of praise, and that is the official publications of the State and Federal Govern-ments. Of Dr. Elliot Coues's "Birds of the Northwest," published under the auspices of the United States Geological Survey, it says: "The book is one of reference rather than of use-for public libraries rather than for the private studies even of ornithologists; but it is a necessary link in that chain of information concerning the natural history and physical geography of their vast empire which the Federal and State authorities of the American Union have spared no labor or expense to amass, preserve in print, and render accessible to students who may digest it for the general reader, or to inquirers who may desire an answer to a particular question. As we have often said before, it is only by means of such liberal official patronage that this kind of knowledge could be collected and published; and it is chiefly, if not only, in these official reports that it is to be found." . . . The Rev. W. W. Gill has nearly ready for publication in London a work entitled "Myths and Songs of the South Pacific," which will contain a preface by Professor Max Müller. Mr. Gill, resident as a missionary for many years among the islands of the South Pacific, has taken down these myths and legends from the lips of the natives, and has, with great care, collated the several versions. . . . Among the autumn announcements of books of travel in London is "The Great Divide: A Narrative of Travels in the Upper Yellowstone," by the Earl of Dunraven.

The Erts.

TEDDER'S pictures are so rarely seen that when any one of them is exhibited in a public place it is the subject of much interest and comment. Vedder's position as an artist is a difficult one to define. Careful thought leaves it hard to discriminate whether it is his fancy which dominates his brush, or his knowledge of the expressiveness of paint that is superior to his poetical conception. He does not seem to possess great power in drawing or modeling the human figure; but, notwithstanding this lack, his people live in the memory longer than men and women whose hands are moulded to look like flesh and blood, or whose forms appear like veritable bone and muscle. Whether he is spiritual, sensual, or intellectual, we cannot define, nor whether his pictures are elevating or demoralizing. We incline to think the latter. At any rate, they are interesting, and they are always exciting. In two we have lately seen at Doll & Richards's, in Boston, one of them, a woman's head, makes us ask ourselves all these questions. Her flesh is pale and white, but it looks as if, should you touch the cheeks, they would be warm

Vedder understands, as we before remarked, the expressiveness of paint, for this flesh, not very well executed, derives its character and expression from the warm, red under-tint to it, which strikes the rough and permeates the heavy opaque white which forms the skin. We have often thought, when watching the eyes of a snake, a dog, a cat, or an ox, that it was only the tradition that they had no souls which made us deny to their pleading, shrinking, or magnetic personality, that attribute of man. The converse is not infrequently the case, and we have sought in vain to discern beneath the animal gleam, which lights the eves of buman beings in some cases, any indications of a higher personality. The eyes of Vedder's people make them appear to occupy this nondescript neutral ground, till we cannot say whether he intends them or not for the types of that strange phase of humanity deficient at the same time in human passion and in any immortal spark. In the same manner that Mr. Vedder compels this common red paint to express subtile heat and fire in his face, in this picture, he uses glazes and slight scumblings of purple and pale gray to describe and vivify a purple and white drapery about the shoulders of his subject, and make the modest and sober coloring gleam, and quiver, and sparkle, like lambent tongues of fire in the subtile recesses of the sea-waves.

This picture of a fair, young Greek woman, with laurel-leaves growing on a tree behind her, and draped in the pearly mantle, is called "A Sibyl;" but, from the perplexity it induces in the beholder, it might perhaps better be named "A Sphinx." The key to Vedder's pictures no one knows, so far as we can learn, and over and over again we ask ourselves whether tricks of paint he has discovered cause their production, or if, under an imaginative form, he intends to depict subtile and strange conditions of human consciousness.

The other picture is more comprehensible in its way, and is besides a very clever piece of composition of light and shade, texture and still-life. It is called "The Jewel-Box," and is a scene at a lady's toilet. Before a glass a sort of pre-Raphaelite woman, in girdle, brocade, and long drapery, which last hangs in heavy folds till it sweeps the floor, holds in her hands an open box, and around her are ranged all the fancy articles of a toilet. Beyond her stands a cabinet, curiously carved, and above it, half concealed and partially disclosed, is a tapestry of palegreen satin, embroidered with animals and flowers. The half light and dim shade in this portion of the picture form an admirable little "bit," especially combined as it is with various ornaments on the top of the cabinet, that give it crispness and sparkle. Behind the woman, and shutting off an inner room, hangs a red-pink curtain, and this is of the magical peculiar quality we notice in the mantle on "The Sibyl." Half like the sheen on clouds at sunset, the rich fabric glows as if in broad sunshine, or more particularly still as if it gleamed with its own inherent light. A brown-porcelain vase contrasts strongly with this background, and harmonizes this composition together into a very

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agreeable whole. Treated in a commonplace way, this picture would have been most ordinary, but in Mr. Vedder's hand all the little details have variety and expression.

THE development of taste in householdart furniture is very interesting to notice. When Mr. Elliott's establishment was started in Boston, four or five years ago, the range of articles that he had studied out and manufactured was quite limited. From that time till this he has given the subject his special attention, and has examined all the old rooms and old furniture that he could get hold of abroad, with reference to its fitness and beauty. By this study and by continual thought, he has adapted more and more old articles to daily use in our American homes. fill now his furniture exceeds in variety as well as suitableness that which is met with in the common styles of ordinary furniture.

In a visit to his rooms, a short time since, we saw a most charming exhibition of new American furniture made of the common woods of the country, chestnut, black-walnut, butternut, and oak, besides cherry, and even pine. They were decorated with slight carving, or with paintings and tiles made largely in this country, with designs of American vegetation or of animals. Here were tiles of palegreen ground-tint, with the common wild-rose and cat-o'-nine-tails painted charmingly upon them; and there were the decorations for lovely cabinets on which were ranged choice bits of china or charming glass. One of the pleasantest of these cabinets is of blackwalnut, about eight feet high. It consists underneath of a cupboard closed with long brass hinges, in the panels of whose doors are set dazed robin's - egg - blue tiles. The shelves above the cupboard are some halfdozen in number, about eight inches deep and ten inches high. Slender square pillars at either end support the front of these shelves, while the back of the cabinet is formed of very smooth panels of the black-walnut. The top of this piece of furniture is formed of small, arched niches, the whole article being simply but sharply cut with incised ornament. To relieve any appearance of heaviness, the shelves of the cabinet are made of plates of thick glass, and the designer proposes to have small silk curtains, to match the color of the room, suspended on brass wires, to hang or to draw aside from the shelves of the cabinet. As Mr. Elliott had it in his rooms, this ornamental piece of furniture, so shallow as to be light in each part of it, was filled with faïence and other jugs, and with bits of Wedgwood-ware. In our parlors at present such articles as this are nearly essential, and Mr. Elliott's design makes them very convenient for showing the curiosities they contain; and they are unostentatious as compared with the ponderous bemirrored and be-marbled stageres, with shelves so deep that curiosities must be loaded on them two or three deep, to be lost in their recesses. The cabinet we have described is so small as scarcely to fill up or diminish the space even in a moderatesized apartment, but withal it is so pretty in its honest ornament and its pleasant color, that it might be copied literally, for a bit . of "still-life," into the most charming pict- !

Other very handsome pieces of furniture consist of a mahogany chamber-set-of a bedstead, bureau, and other articles-also of Mr. Elliott's adaptation, Mahogany is now quite a rare wood in our market, but these articles are made of solid boards, strips, rundles, and knots of the wood. The bedstead, which is low and very broad, has a footboard consisting of a row of small pilasters, about ten inches high, prettily grooved, while the side-posts are decorated with bunches of Spanish acorns, in bass-relief, cut in little niches in the wood. The top, which is not very high, is beautifully ornamented with carvings of oak-leaves, pleasantly formal, and not so widely separated from the natural leaf as is apt to be the case with formalized ornament. Japanese tiles of storks and sprays of peach-blossoms complete this portion of the bedstead, which time will continually make handsomer as it deepens the color of the wood.

The bureau and large dressing - glass above it are as good as the bedstead, low and broad. Side-drawers, beside the lookingglass, have square tops above them, and solid, tasteful railings of incised mahogany promise protection to any scent-bottles or fragile things that may be left upon them. The pleasantest portion of this chamber-set consists of the slender and beautiful frame of the looking-glass, with the polished oakleafed ornament of the slender pillars that support it; and the frame of the mirror is the most close reproduction of old stylesfashions in which former generations particularly excelled. Here, again, as in the cabinet we spoke of, Mr. Elliott designs to add the accessory of color and a different material, by hanging to a brass rod, across the top of the mirror, blue or green silk curtains which can be readily drawn aside to hang behind the handsome pillars that support the glass.

In all this household furniture there is scarcely one feature more excellent than the careful finish of the ornaments. To persons accustomed to, and disgusted with, rough flowers, fruit, or other objects "turned" by machinery, and always full of dust and ready to drop off whenever a dry or hot room warps the wood ever so slightly, the smooth, delicate surface of the little incised lines, curves, and, in the more elaborate articles, the fruit and flowers, give a refined pleasure. Apart from the fact that they can be kept delicately clean, the sense that the most simple decoration even has been cared for is a source of proper and honest satisfaction.

ALTHOUGH there has as yet been no formal opening of any of our picture-galleries, there are indications that the coming season is to be one of unusual interest. To give connoisseurs an idea of the high character of the importations, two or three new pictures have been added to the collection at Goupil's. The most important of the number is a painting by Hugues Merle, entitled "The Old Woman's Story." It is a large work, and forms a pendant to the "Fairy Tales," by this artist, which was exhibited at this gallery last season. The subject represents an old

lady seated at her cottage-door, surrounded by her grandchildren and their fair faced mother, her daughter. There are six figures in the group, of which the young mother, with a naked baby in her lap, sits in the foreground, and a little girl standing at her side rests her head confidingly on her shoulder. The action of the old woman is animated. and her hands are raised in an argumentative manner, as if to give expression to her story. The group is attentive to her words, and even the baby shows interest in the recital. There is a girl standing in the background, with her head showing above the old lady's shoulder; and a boy, a bright young fellow, wearing a white shirt and corduroy trousers, is seated at her side. The group is very cleverly composed, and, as a study of pretty children, aside from the interest which centres in the adults, there is much in it to admire. The face of the young mother is also charming, and this shows, as well as the other heads in the composition, the delicacy of touch, transparency of tone, and perfection of finish, for which the pencil of Merle is so justly famous. The painting of the baby, and the rich, warm tones of color given in the flesh - tints, are also fascinating features in the work. The subject is well kept together, and its story aptly expressed in the

Another clever work in the collection is a landscape-view representing the broad and expressive French school, by a young artist named Kokan. It is a forest-view, with a roadway leading off into the perspective, and a woodman's cottage in the distance. The forest is chiefly remarkable as a study of birches, but it assumes interest from the crisp style in which it is treated, and the dark shadows which are cast over the roadway by the afternoon sun. The picture is painted with great force, and is in every sense an artistic work. A. A. Anderson, a young American artist, who went to Europe last season, has a street-scene in Cairo, which is a fine example of architectural drawing and expressively painted. The regular opening at Goupil's will take place about October

AT the Schaus Gallery, the most noticeable among the new pictures is an ideal head, "The Angel of Sorrow with the Crown of Thorns," by Alexandre Cabanel. The features are delicate, and are overcast with an expression of deep sadness, which is heightened in effect by a profusion of dark-brown hair falling over the brow. The crown of thorns is held to her breast in the uplifted hands, and the broad-spreading pinions fill the background. The head is slightly inclined forward, as if mourning over the emblem of sorrow, but there is nothing painful in the carriage of the figure or its accessories. The face is painted with rare taste; the modeling is exquisite, and every line it drawn with the firmness and precision of a master-hand. Great attention has been paid to the foreshortening of the arms and the drawing and finish of the hands. They are painted in relief, and are as tender in texture and as transparent in tone as those of a child. One can almost see the blood as it

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courses through the purple veins in those slender and perfectly-moulded fingers. The treatment of the hands is unquestionably the erowning achievement in the picture, as the face is in partial shadow, which precluded the introduction there of flesh-tints in high and diffused lights, for which Cabanel's pendi is so famous. The bust is draped with an under-garment of spotless white, which expresses purity, and perhaps sorrow, and an outer robe of a silken, pale-green texture, fixed with pink. It must be admitted that "The Angel of Sorrow" showed faultless taste in her apparel, and a worldly longing after harmonious colors. The costume, notwithstanding the connection of the subject with ethereal things, does not disturb the harmony of the composition nor its exquisite expression of sentiment.

One of the largest pictures at present on view at Schaus's is by Du Paty, and illustrates an incident of the war between France and England during the "Campaign of the Island of Ro," in 1627. The subject represents the Marshal de Schomberg encamped with his troops around La Rochelle, when he receives orders to march to the relief of the Count of Toiras, whom the English had surrounded in the fortress of St.-Martin. The marshal has just received his orders, and appears seated in camp, in the midst of his offieers, considering their import. Soldiers are grouped around in various attitudes, some in the act of examining their arms, and others marching in squads toward the beach. The quaint ships of the period, with sails bent, are riding at anchor in the offing, as if in readiness for the embarkation of the troops, and to sail. The picture is admirably composed, the drawing of the figures clear and forcible, and the perspective effect is excellent. There are no positive colors used in the work, but its brilliancy is nevertheless very remarkable. The sky is cloudy, and a gray tone, in consequence, pervades the landscape, which gives it an attractive as well as harmonious character. The work is treated in the broad and decisive method of the Spanish-Roman school.

The artists are now returning to their studios for the season in considerable numbers, and several of them have already begun their winter's work. Constant Mayer, since his return to town, has finished a large picture in illustration of Hood's "Song of the Shirt." The scene portrayed is in an attic chamber, with a window looking out upon the house-tops of a great city, in the gray light of early morning. The sewer sits in a quaint old arm-chair with her work held in her left hand, and partly resting on her lap, while her right hand is raised in the act of tightening the stitch. Her eyes at the moment are raised as if the thought—

"Of the cowslip and primrose sweet," or of the wish for—

"A respite however brief!"

were uppermost in her mind. The woman has a sad but expressive face, and we can imagine that she may have been beautiful—as the poet says—before she had a heart to feel and break. The candle, which has

burned to the socket of the candlestick, tells the story of her weary work during the night, and the tired languor of her pose, together with the wan expression of her features, suggest the idea of exhausted nature. Her attire is well worn, but she is not in "unwomanly rags." Mr. Mayer in his portrayal has maintained the connection of the subject with the text very closely, but the painful features have been so toned down that one is not shocked as might have been expected from its literal rendering. The figure is well drawn, and the surrounding accessories are in perfect accord with it. The coloring is rich, and the cool gray light of early morning, which is diffused in the room, is introduced and handled with great judgment and feeling.

Music and the Drama.

A MERICANS have become so familiarized with the great powers of Ristori and Salvini in the histrionic art that they are prepared to accord a rare fruitfulness to Italy as the mother of noble actors as well as of singers. The coming of Rossi, whose reputation abroad is nearly if not quite as great as those of the former two, will complete for us our knowledge of a gifted triad, who have raised Italian dramatic art to a high place. While we would not forestall judgment derived from personal knowledge, the dignity of Rossi's place as a tragedian entitles us to give our readers some account of his life and career.

ERNESTO ROSSI was born at Leghorn, in 1829, and, like all great artists, has had a stern struggle with his conditions before finally achieving his ultimate success. He was sent to the University of Pisa to pursue the study of the law, but the bias of his tastes showed itself unmistakably almost from the outset. Jurisprudence was neglected by the young enthusiast, and he constantly haunted the benches of the play-houses in obedience to an irrepressible instinct. The bent of his feelings finally culminated by his desertion of university-life, and uniting himself with a wretched band of vagabond players, who were then giving entertainments throughout the country towns of Tuscany. For some years he suffered and struggled in vain with his inauspicious surroundings, learning little more than the mere trivial details of his profession aside from that internal development which comes of all severe struggle.

The first vital impulse to his future greatness, as also to that of Salvini, his rival, came from Joseph Modena, an actor of striking creative genius, though but little known out of the limits of Italy. Shakespeare had not yet become known to the histrionic art of Southern Europe, and Modena was deprived of this key of international reputation, though in both Germany and France the Shakespearean tragedies had become recognized in spite of the war waged against them by the old school of classics. The example and teaching of Modena, who became deeply interested in his young compatriot, constituted the turning-point of Rossi's life. Genius, however individual and creative, nowhere displays itself more than in the power it has of assimilating the work of other great minds, and perhaps no bigher tribute could be paid to the obscure Modena than that so freely accorded to him by both Rossi and Salvini in the acknowledgment that to him they owed the model and suggestion of what they have since accomplished.

For a long time Rossi struggled unacknowledged, though conscious to himself of great advances in his art-growth, and getting constantly the same discipline which precedes effective power. At last he became attached to the Royal Company of Comedians playing at the court of Turin, and his ability attracted notice. Madame Ristori was a member of the same troupe, and to was owing to her mediation that he was selected as one of the representative company who proceeded to the first International Fair at Paris in 1855. It need not be said that the young and unknown artist acquired little beyond drill and experience by this tour. The attention of critics and public was so absorbed in the great duel between Ristori and Rachel that the subordinate actors remained unrecognized, and Rossi's genius, had it been tenfold greater, would have remained in the dark.

Our young actor, chafed and impatient, soon returned to Italy, with the determination of forming a company of his own, by which he could appeal to the world in a more successful fashion. Three years were devoted to the task, pursued under great difficulty of collecting and moulding a troupe to his purpose. The unequaled fitness of Shakespeare as a vehicle of displaying histrionic power had already attracted his notice, for Ristori had made one of her greatest successes in Lady Macbeth. Rossi devoted himself to the study of the English dramatist with great ardor, and finally became confirmed in his resolution to introduce the plays to the Italian stage, and make them his specialty. He had not only to overcome the difficulty of securing adequate translations, but of infusing into his company the new spirit and school of acting demanded by the Shakespearean drama. It was long before Italian audiences could be made to accept the romantic and daring conceptions of the English poet, set as they are in such an extravagant wealth of incident, with any thing like enthusiasm. Tastes modeled on the severe and narrow standard of Alfieri and his predecessors could hardly be made to appreciate the boundless imagination which laid heaven and earth under contribution for its material.

Playing month after month to empty benches did not discourage his purpose, though it reduced him and his actors, whom he had succeeded in inspiring with much of his own enthusiasm, to severe straits. Perseverance at last, however, reaped its reward, and it commenced to be whispered in cultivated and critical circles that there was a new revelation of dramatic possibilities in the Shakespearean performances of the Rossi company. The tide once turned, it set with an ever-increasing flood of interest and popularity, and "Hamlet," "Mabeth," "Lear," Othello," " Romeo and Juliet," and " Coriolanus," were stamped with the seal of general admiration and approval throughout the Italian Peninsula.

Determined to extend his triumphs abroad, Rossi, in 1866, took his Italian company to Paris, and he was at once acknowledged by the leading critics, among the chief of whom were Jules Janin, the art-father of Rachel, Sainte-Beuve, and Théophile Gautier, as a tragedian of marked genius and scholarship, He became a favorite with the French court and aristocracy, and the fashionable star of Parisian amusements, From Paris, then the European arbiter of art-matters, the tragedian proceeded to Spain, Portugal, and South America, where his acting produced great enthusiasm among the impressionable playgoers of those countries.

In 1873 Rossi played an extensive répertoire of Shakespearean pieces at Vienna, and thence proceeded to Berlin and the other principal cities of Germany. Nowhere has Shakespearean art and criticism absorbed more attention than in the literary centres of Germany. The profound, almost fantastic scrutiny given to the great conceptions of the English dramatist among the countrymen of Goethe, Lessing, Tieck, and Schlegel, makes the interpretation of them a more than ordinarily trying task before critical and cultivated German audiences. Rossi was successful in passing the ordeal, and was warmly welcomed as not merely a gifted actor, but as a subtile and searching Shakespearean student. The Italian tragedian has thus appeared before the principal publics of Continental Europe, and it only remains for him to obtain the verdicts of England and the United States. He will ere long make his debut in New York, when theatre-goers will be enabled to judge for themselves on what foundation his great European reputation

To Rossi, even more than Salvini, must be given the glory of having naturalized the greatest of dramatic poets in Southern Europe, where his name had hitherto been little more than a shining myth, or at best a closet poet, locked up except for the perusal of the scholar. This, if nothing else, will secure him a hearty reception among English-speaking audiences. Rossi's greatest performance is said to be that of Hamlet, a rôle unique in this, that, while any well-trained and thoughtful actor can produce it respectably, none but one of remarkable genius can interpret its deeper significance in a way satisfactory to cultivated audiences. While we forbear any thing like a prospective judgment or a guess at Rossi's effect on American audiences, we cannot refrain from copying an extract from a letter of Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, published in the Athenaum, and written from Italy in 1873:

"Last night, at the Teatro Paganini here, one of Italy's best living tragic actors, Ernesto Rossi, gave a performance of 'Amlete,' the Italian version of Shakespeare's 'Ham-It is a finished piece of impersonation, careful, and very refined. The mingled awe and tenderness that prevailed, his manner toward the spirit of his father, the abstraction and melancholy of his demeanor throughout, the aroused look of wandering wits when answering those who address him during his assumed madness, evinced scrupulous study of the author's text, and great power of acting. The famous dialogue beginning 'To be or not to be,' was delivered with a concen-

trated earnestness of thought and impressed imagination that well merited the enthusiastic appreciation it received from the audience. Although extreme quietude marked the general tones and bearing of Rossi's declamation, yet he rose into noble energy when the passion of the diction demanded it, and his inflections of voice were varied and expressive. The fencing-match in the last scene was an exquisite piece of grace and manliness, while the closing touch of making the Danish prince stagger on to the throned seat, when effecting the death of his usurping uncle, and there towering above the mass of human ruin brought about by his kinsman foe, formed a picturesque and appropriate final effect to the drama. Ernesto Rossi's Amlete is a beautiful piece of acting, and forms an extremely interesting companion-picture of Italian Shakespearean representations to Adelaide Ristori's Lady Macbeth and Tomaso Salvini's Othello, of which latter I sent your readers a detailed description so long ago as January, 1864."

THE subject of music in the public schools is one on which the Journal has had a word to say before, and assuredly it is a topic of no little public interest. The time has come when its treatment by the Board of Education furnishes matter of pleasure and congratulation. The slovenly and inefficient method, worse than its total neglect, in which it has been taught, has long called forth the reproaches of the friends of musical education. The Board of Education has become aroused to the facts of the case, and a radical reform is promised. A committee was recently sent to examine the system as carried out in the Boston schools, and, consequent on their report, a plan has been devised which promises to meet the wants of the public with an elaborate and well-devised machinery. Before this reaches the public, a chief superintendent of music, with eight assistants, will have been appointed, one for each district, to systematize the teaching of music. Each assistant superintendent will instruct the teachers in his or her district in the method to be pursued, and give such practical drill as may be necessary. The chief will exercise a general supervision over the whole, and see that there is a general unity of purpose and plan. This is the system carried out by the Boston Board of Education, and with such success, too, that celebrated musical visitors in Boston have declared that to hear the school-children sing in concert is not the least of the many pleasures to be enjoyed in the American "Athens."

Now that public action has been taken in New York, we may look for thorough and effective work in this important quarter. It will take some time, of course, to get the new system in good working order, but its fruits may easily be forecast. Lovers of music and musical education can appreciate the influence which will be exerted on popular taste, and, with the preparation of such a vast amount of material in the rudiments of singing and music, we may look forward to the time when Boston will no longer be able to say, with justice, that it has the only really great choral society in the United States. When the new system is thoroughly organized, we hope to say something of it at more length and in greater detail.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER. Paris, September 14, 1878. THE chief art-event of the past week has been the production of "Faust" at the Grand Opéra. This revival, which the wide-spread popularity of the work has rendered peculiarly interesting, has attracted more attention than that of any opera as yet performed at the new opera-house. Every thing that could be done in the way of mise-en-scene and costumes has been lavished upon it, and only three firstclass singers were wanting to make the representation perfect. These, however, were unfortunately lacking. The scenery was really exquisite, and but for a certain lack of appreciation of the source of the libretto, the grand poem of Goethe, it would have been faultless. The first scene, the desolate chamber of the sage, presented, of course, no opportunity for splendor or display. In the vision of Marguerite at her spinning-wheel, Madame Carvalho decidedly spoiled the effect by keeping her wheel in motion. The weird effect of the tableau is only to be gained by total stillness. However, we owe a vote of thanks to Madame Carvalho for posing herself, and for not having a vulgar-looking chorus-singer dressed up to represent her, as is usual on the European boards, Miss Kellogg was, I believe, the first Marguerite who ever took her place in this opening scene in propria persona. second act showed us a German village-street, with the quaint-pointed gabled-houses all decked for a festival, but there were no signs of the Kirmesse anywhere, neither booths nor shows. The beautiful chorus of the old men and the soldiers was sung by twenty performers in each division. The stage was thronged in every part with peasants, soldiers, burghers, etc., and the ballet, which was danced to the celebrated waltz-music, was charming and thoroughly characteristic and appropri-Next came the garden-scene with walks and flower-beds and vast shady trees, but the atmospheric accessories were very poor, the moonlight coming all of a sudden just when it was wanted in very primitive fashion. I once saw "Faust" performed in Berlin when this act opened under the golden and rosy tints of a summer sunset; these faded away to give place to a cold gray twilight; the sky deepened and darkened by degrees, and the stars came forth one by one, and finally the moon rose, and the act closed under a flood of silver radiance. In the fourth act we had a scene in Margusrite's chamber which I have never seen represented on the American boards, and which is apparently introduced only to give Siebel an opportunity to sing a second aria. Then came the cathedral-scene, very grand and imposing, a vast Gothic interior, seen in profile with the side of the altar, a dark, massive structure towering high in the air, and blazing with candles turned toward the audience. A low railing of white marble with an open portal surmounted with two statues stretched along one side; it was through this portal that Margue rite came to kneel beside the altar, while the other worshipers passed on into the body of the church. The street-scene, where the "Soldiers' Chorus" is sung and Valentin is slain, followed, and was the most beautiful of all. It showed the ramparts of an ancient German town, with a steep, ascending road in the background leading through a curved archway; the battlements, crowned with statues of warriors, crossed the stage at the back,

while on the right-hand side towered a mas

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Albrech scene, o seldom (ent phas which I Witches being re long rol nuns in the ench splendid trace of that has poem w gorgeou spectacl feature dancing sented 1 some of an idea sadden the gloo was wel guerite v A rocky Was pus in very in this glided a a pallid stony ey der thi WHE YE tier of v grouped

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sive carved gate-way surmounted by a clock. The whole scene was as perfectly the Germany of the middle ages as can possibly be imagined. Down the steep road poured the returning soldiers, while the populace rushed forth on every side to greet them, and the little show. The costumes of the soldiery were perfect reproductions of those in the prints of Albrecht Dürer. The fifth act opens with a seens, or rather a series of scenes, which are seldom or never given in America, the different phases of the Walpurgis night. The first, which probably was meant to represent the Witches' Kitchen, was very poor, the witches being represented by ballet-girls muffled up in long robes after the fashion of the spectral mass in "Robert le Diable." The orgy amid the enchanted ruins that succeeded was a very mlendid but perfectly commonplace ballet. No trace of the ghastly and supernatural element that hangs around this portion of Goethe's peem was to be found amid the glitter and gorgeousness of the dance. It was a superb spectacle — nothing more. The only novel feature introduced was a ballet of Egyptian dancing-girls with golden goblets, who represented the different phases of intoxication, some of them falling prostrate at the finalean idea as unpleasant as it was new. The sadden change from the enchanted palace to the gloomy and spectral heights of the Brocken was well managed, but the apparition of Marquerite was brought in in very clumsy fashion. A rocky point, with Marguerite standing on it, was pushed in at one side, and then pulled off in very primitive style. I remembered how, in this scene in Berlin, the apparition had glided across the dark front of the mountain, a pallid form, with unmoving feet, and fixed, stony eyes, and a scarlet ring around the slender throat. Marguerite's ascent to heaven was very beautifully managed. Tier upon tier of white-robed, silver-winged angels were grouped amid the clouds and masses of rosetinged vapor, and seemed to speed the ascending spirit on its way.

So much for the spectacular part of this interesting revival. As to the artistic portion thereof there is unfortunately but little to be said. To those who have heard the Marguerite of Nilsson, Lucca, and Kellogg, the Faust of Capoul, and the Mephistopheles of Faure, there was but little to attract in the cast at the Grand Opéra. Gailhard is nothing more than a tolerable representative of Mephistopheles, and poor, short, fat, vulgar little Vergnet was, notwithstanding his fine and powerful voice, an almost ludicrous representative of the flendtempted sage. In fact, when he threw off his robe and gray beard in the first scene, the natural impression was that, if Satan could not get up a better-looking young man than that, he might as well let it alone. As to Miolan-Carvalho, the first and original representative of the operatic Marguerite, she is no longer any thing more than a tradition of the past. She looks, it is true, surprisingly youthful and very charming, and she personated the character with great intelligence and delicacy. But her voice is nearly totally departed, her intonation is painfully uncertain, and her upper notes are weak and worn to

a pitiable degree.

The revival of "Faust" well exemplifies the weakness of the Grand Opéra of Paris. We ask for art, and we are given a spectacle. Gounod at the Opera-House rivals Offenbach at the Gaieté. There are fine clothes and splendid scenery, innumerable supernumeraries, a monster chorus, and a gigantic corps de ballst. But better fifty nights of Nilsson than a

cycle of choruses and ballets. Better the one great genius, "Catalani and four or five puppets," than this dull level of magnificence and mediocrity. M. Halanzier boasts that he need not engage first-class artists. " Every sou that I pay to Faure is so much out of my pocket," he remarked lately. "The public would crowd the Opera-House if I put a set of dancing-dogs upon the stage." Very good—then let us have the dancing-dogs by all means. Only we outside barbarians thought, when we heard of the great Opera - House, on which twelve million dollars had been already lavished, that it was intended to be a nation's art-temple, and not a mere money-factory for an enterprising manager.

Meantime, the musicians are hard at work. Ambroise Thomas has shut himself up in his country-seat to work unmolested at his opera of "Francesco da Rimini." The partition of his "Psyche" is said to be finished. Gounod is engaged in giving the last touches to a new oratorio entitled "Geneviève," The rehearsals of "Aida" at the Italian Opera-House are already commenced, though the opera is not to be performed till some time in April.

The new books of the week are neither particularly important nor peculiarly interesting. The Librairie Ghio announces a new edition (the ninth), with additions, of the secret papers and correspondence of the Second Empire, with fac-similes of the autographs of the Empress Eugénie, the emperor, and Marguerite Bellanger. These compromising documents were found, it may be remembered, in the Tuileries after the flight of the empress. André Sagnier has just issued a volume of military tales, by Emile Richebourg, entitled "Honor and Fatherland." Hachette has published "Popular Tales of Great Britain," collected and translated by M. Loys Brueyre. "Le Bleuet," by Gustave Haller, which, illus-trated by Carpeaux and preceded by a preface from the pen of George Sand, has been issued by Michel Lévy, is a philosophical romance, written to prove the possibility of platonic friendship between young persons of different sexes. Lachaud has just published "Les Mariages de Londres," a new novel, by Pierre Sandrié. The Figaro is shortly to commence the publication in its columns of a new novel, by Xavier de Montepin, entitled "The Secret of the Countess."

Art-discoveries have been rife in Paris of late, the most important (if authentic) one being that of a contemporaneous portrait of Jeanne d'Arc, painted by a Scotchman named Power. This invaluable picture was recently discovered in a garret among a number of old and worthless paintings, belonging to an ancient but impoverished family. A committee of experts has been appointed to examine the portrait, and, should they decide favorably as to its authenticity, it will be purchased by the government and will be placed in the Louvre. Another discovery was made by the workmen who were engaged in digging the foundations for the new Church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre. It consisted of an oaken coffer, bound and clasped with iron, which contained an illuminated livre d'heures in manuscript and in a perfect state of preservation. This precious relic is to be placed in the Musée de Cluny.

General Frossard, the former tutor of the prince imperial, who died a short time ago, has left recorded in his diary an estimate, by no means flattering, of the talents of his royal pupil. He declares that his abilities do not appear to him to surpass "a good medium," and that, in a bourgeois class of twenty or thirty boys, he would rank tenth or twelith. His only decided talent, in those earlier years of which the general writes, appeared to be for drawing. Perhaps this last of the Napoleons may settle down into a peaceful artist after all. His projected alliance with a Swedish princess appears to be somewhat apocryphal, as the "Almanach de Gotha" bears no traces of the existence of any such person as the reported bride-elect. The present King of Sweden has no daughters; he has, however, a sister, but she is about forty-five years of age, and, consequently, nearly as old as the

young gentleman's mamma.

The gossip of the theatres informs us that Théodore Barrière's comedy, now in rehearsal at the Vaudeville, is called "The Scandals of Yesterday," and is said to be a very powerful work. Alexandre Dumas is said to have nearly finished his great piece for the Comédie Française. He has changed its title from "Monsieur Candoule" to "L'Etrangère," or, rather, its title remains still undecided. Emile Augier contributes this season, not only a new comedy to the Vaudeville, but one to the Palais Royal. It is hard to imagine how this graceful, scholarly writer could ever adapt his style to the coarse tastes of the frequenters of this latter theatre. Théodore Barrière, besides the comedy for the Vaudeville before mentioned, will be represented at the Théâtre Historique by a drama called "Simone," and at the Palais Royal by a short piece, as yet unnamed. Poupart Davyl, whose "Maîtresse Légitime" was so great a success at the Odéon last year, contributes a drama to the Porte St .-Martin, and a piece, entitled "De Shava & Shava," to the Odéon. Lecocq is to be represented at the Folies Dramatiques by "Le Pompon," a three-act opéra-bouffe, and at the Re-naissance by "Les Porcherons." At this latter theatre, a new operetta, by Strauss, entitled "Cagliostro," is also to be represented. Offenbach promises us no less than four new works for the coming season. Mademoiselle Schneider has had her coat-of-arms painted on the walls of her new and gorgeous hotel on the Avenue de l'Impératrice. It consists of a golden lyre on an azure field, with the motto "Je chante" (I sing). LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Some one who has chosen the strange nom de plume-for nom de plume it must surely beof Theodore A. Thorp, has just now a new play running at the Globe. It is called "Tal-bot's Trust," the trust in question being a young widow and her little girl. These have been left by a dying husband to one *Harold Garmet*, his bosom friend. And a pretty bosom friend he turns out! He makes love to the widow, though he cares not a jet for her; he robs her, forges her signature, and then attempts to run away with another woman. However, Mr. Villain doesn't succeed in doing this, and with his discomfiture the drama ends -in fact, death steps in between justice and him; he dies on a sofa in the house of her he has so basely wronged. Whoever Mr. Thorp may be, he's not a dramatist. From beginning to end the piece is weak; often it sinks into bathos. An adaptation of Offenbach's "The Brigands" follows. The libretto of this is by Mr. Henry S. Leigh, perhaps our very best writer of humorous light verses. Mr. Leigh writes a great deal for Fun, and for the famous Christy Minstrels, and I don't think there's a better hand at repartee in London. If his "Carols of Cockayne" haven't been published on your side the water, they certainly ought to be.

Mr. Heary J. Byron is as hard at work as ever. At present, he tells me, he is writing a four-act comedy, in which he himself will take a principal part. It will be produced at the Haymarket at the conclusion of Mr. Major de Boots Clarke's engagement there. Mr. Byron has also in hand an original farcical comedy for Mr. Sothern, who will appear in it first in the provinces. Mr. Clarke, by-the-by, is drawing wonderfully well at the Haymarket; the house is crowded every night—and not with "paper;" and the audiences go—mirabile dictu/—into convulsions over his stale grimaces and staler jokes.

I see that Madame Pauline Rita is thinking of paying you a visit. There's a treat in store for you! Without exception, Madame Rita is the most unaffected and charming opera-bouffe actress on the English stage. It's not so very long since that she made her first appearance on the theatrical stage (previously she'd been performing only at music-halls), but at the present moment she is one of our greatest favorites.

Mr. Charles Mathews, who seems to be getting younger every day, appeared the other night in a new piece. Its title—it is running at the Galety—is a strange one; its plot is no less singular. The one is "My Awful Dad;" the other has been condensed as follows:

"Adonis Evergreen, usually known as 'the major,' is a youth of fifty, while his son Dick, a barrister, is an elderly gentleman of twenty-saven. The father's theory is that it takes a long time for a grub to become a butterfly. He is the butterfly and his son the grub. He feels five-and-twenty, and 'behaves as such;' and the son, who is rising in his profession, has not only to supply money to the parent, whom he terms 'a domestic anaconda,' but has also to bear the brunt of some of the troubles and imbroglios which are brought about by the high spirits of his youthful progenitor. On one occasion, indeed, the major runs a considerable risk of damaging the professional reputation of the staid Dick. There is to be a bal masqué, and the major is going in the character of Punch. The dress has been sent to Fig-tree Court, where Dick pursues his vocation, and it no sooner arrives than, Dick being at Westminster, its owner proceeds to try it on. While arraying himself in the familiar garb, a knock is heard at the door, and Evergreen senior has just time to slip on his son's wig and gown when a client enters in the person of Mrs. Weddagain, who has a sad tale to tell. Her late husband has left her a large fortune on condition that she does not marry a man under fifty, and she wants to know whether such a will can be contested. The major assumes a legal aspect, and, urged on by his client's pretty face (for he has not hesitated to assert that he is a barrister prepared to plead for her to his last gasp), he gives an impormante address to an imaginary jury; in the vehemence of the moment he forgets the Puncal dress which at first he had carefully occasied, and reveals himself in all the glory of red and yellow. This little difficulty he clears up by explaining that, though himself a man of the strictest sobriety and most solemn demeanor, a certain learned judge gives way to frivolity in vacation term, and it is necessary for young barristers to humor his whimse. Ultimately, the knotty point in the will is astisfactorily s

This absurdity is founded on the younger Dumas's "Le Père Prodigue," and, of course, is mainly intended to show how sprightly Mr. Mathews, though more than the allotted three-score and ten, can be. His vivacity is really remarkable. We shall all be surprised if he does not live to be a centenarian.

The Athensum has been giving Miss Braddon some hard knocks over the knuckles for her new novel, "Hostages to Fortune." Not

only does the reviewer strongly object to its "sensationalism," but he takes exception to its title. This is inappropriate, he remarks, and he adds: "The fact is, we take it, that, with a writer of Miss Braddon's school, the title of the book is no more governed by the nature of the contents than is the color of the cover: so long as the one catches the ear and the other the eye, nothing more is required. When the book is once bought and read, it matters little enough how the buyer's or the reader's ' liostages to Fornotice has been secured. tune' is a nice, proverbial-sounding title, so on to the back of the book it goes, though it is equally appropriate to three-quarters of the novels that are written." By-the-way, a statement made by one of your contemporaries has annoyed Miss Braddon greatly. journal in question declared that her new story, "Dead Men's Shoes," at present running simultaneously in a dozen or so of our provincial journals, had already run through an American magazine. The soft impeachment is flatly denied by the popular authoress. This system of simultaneous publication, I should add, pays Miss Braddon re-markably well. By it she gets some hundreds of pounds for the right to the serial publication of any new story she may write; when it is issued in three-volume form by her husband, Mr. John Maxwell, she must make at least another five hundred pounds out of it. No wonder he and she can afford to live in such grand style at Richmond!

Mr. Dion Boucicault is triumphant. "The Shaughraun" (how do you pronounce the word?) is a big success. Every paper in London praises the piece as a piece; every paper in London highly lauds the acting of Mrs. and Mr. B. True, the Athenœum, like other critical publications, says that "'The Shaughraun' is simply 'Arrah-na-Pogue' turned inside out;" still, the fact remains that the play is "drawing" wonderfully. Old Drury has not had such a crowded time of it before for years and years. He or she who does not see "The Shaughraun" within the next week or so will argue his or herself unknown.

Some anonymous critic, with an obvious contempt for the de mortuis, etc., maxim, has been giving it to Shakespeare hot and strong. Isn't it high-treason to do that? Not only does this gentleman—a woman could never be so severe—express his firm conviction that the "aweet awan of Avon" did not write half the plays with which he is credited, but he attacks the immortal bard's personal character unsparingly. List to this:

"Poor Shakespeare, then, was begot in poverty, was brought up in poverty, had not sufficient means whereby to live honestly in his native place. After he went to London he wandered in wretchedness about the streets, his only employment for years being the holding of visitors' horses who came to see the plays at the theatres. Hear himself:

'In disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes, I all alone beweep my outcast state.'

After his connection with the theatrical profession, in which he never was much of an actor, his poverty continued until he by chance got under the notice of Lord Southampton, and succeeded in cajoling that simple youth out of a thousand pounds, by which his circumstances were so improved that his indigence may be said to have then ceased. It was not his blame, neither, that his education was deficient. His parents could not afford to pay for it. The little schooling he got was at a charity school in Stratford. A smattering of Latin was taught in this establishment, but our hero attained no proficiency in that classic torgue. His old friend Jonson said he had acquired 'a little Latin and less Greek.' It is settled beyond all dispute that he never read the ancients in classic lore. For his poverty

in moral and manly principle he was himself entirely to blame. There is scarcely a phase in his checkered life that would attach to his character the slightest impress of honor. In youth he was a dissipated scamp, and flourished in the lowest company to be found. Be soon became an almost incorrigible thief; was several times publicly whipped, in his native town, for robbery. He at length fled to London to escape being detected for stealing Sir Thomas Lucy's venison. He led the life of a respectable 'loafer' for years before he got connected with the Blackfriars company. He saw poor Green, his friend and compeer, whose works he had adapted to his own use and benefit, die of want before his eyes, and would not relieve him. His sycophancy to that half-crazed young nobleman, Southampton, was most despicable. Here is some of the exquisite flummery with which he dosed the simple youth, and through which he wheedled him out of a thousand pounds:

'Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit, To thee I send this written embassage, To witness duty, not to show my wit.'

Observe the crawling meanness of the following:

Oh, for my sake do thou with Fortune chide,
The gullty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means, which public manners
breeds.'

He was through life a griping, greedy worldling. After he became comparatively wealthy he practised a sort of usury at Stratford, and did not scruple appearing in court to exact payment of the smallest sums from his poorest and most distressed neighbors. He became a tithe-farmer, and endeavored to get the Stratford Common inclosed in spite of the corporation authorities, who claimed it for the use of the poor, in order that his tithes might be augmented. Notwithstanding his humble origin, he aspired to found an aristocratic family at his death, and for that purpose entailed his real estates in the ordinary primogenitive form, willing his unfortunate wife, to whom he always behaved unnaturally, a rickety old bedstead."

Surely the above is enough to make the divine Will rise out of his very grave!

A very meritorious exhibition of pictures is now on view at Liverpool. It includes a great many of the principal Royal Academy paintings. Mr. Holman Hunt has sent a fine portrait of himself to it. Another note artistic is that Mr. Millais, R. A., has taken to scenepainting. The new act-drop at the Manchester Theatre Royal is by him. As promising a young artist as ever Mr. Millais was has just died-Mr. G. J. Pinwell. Though only a few years over thirty, he had done a great deal of exquisite work both in pencil and water-color. The water-color societies both of here and Belgium were proud to number him as one of their members. Then, he was one of the most WILL WILLIAMS. pleasant of men.

RECENT POMPEIAN EXCAVATIONS.

NAPLES, September 3, 1875.

THE excavations at Pompeii are going on diligently, and with considerable result, although the summer working force numbers only about a hundred and thirty men.

Among the most interesting of the objects found recently, are two skeletons, one of a somewhat elderly man, the other of a woman. They were found in the Via Stabia, among the ashes of the last eruption, evidently overtaken in their flight, and buried among the cinders. According to the usual method employed to preserve the external appearance of objects, liquid plaster was poured into the cavity, which serving as a mould, a fac-simile of the forms was obtained; and, thus perfectly preserved, the statue-like bodies were placed in glass cases in the Pompeii Museum.

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While appreciating all the horror of such a death, and the suffering endured, as shown by the position of the limbs, one cannot but imagine what would have been the astonishment of that man and woman had some prophetinformed them that eighteen hundred years star their death their forms and even as much of their garments as were not consumed in the cruption would be placed in a museum for inspection by a multitude of sight-seers, some from lands the existence of which they had appear dreamed of.

The poor woman is lying on her face, and even the form of her hair, put up behind, is seen. One arm shields her forehead, and she is supported by the other. Her stony limbs are well formed, and traces of a garment are seen passing in folds around her. The man, although placed on his back in the exhibition, when found was turned on his side. One arm rests on his hip, the other is uplifted. The face is somewhat distorted, but massive and smoothly shaven. Even the form of the fastenings of the sandals around the ankle, and of the long button higher up on the leg to hold them, is clearly seen. The limbs are partly desern up.

The skeleton of a tolerably large dog, also recently found, is in the Museum of Pompeii, his whole form preserved in plaster, in the same manner as those just mentioned. He is lying on his back, writhing in suffering, biting his hind-leg. The rings in his collar are plainly seen.

If we walk directly to the street where the exarators are at work (Region VI., Island 14), we find a number of buildings on each side of the road (Decumanus major, or Via Stabia) exarated, and ready for inspection, while some of them are left purposely unfinished, in order to make the final excavations on the occasion of the sist of distinguished persons to Pennyare to Pennya

the visit of distinguished persons to Pompeii. The limit of the finished excavations is near where the skeletons of the man and woman were found. In this bank the difference of the eruptions is clearly seen. There are four layers; the first, or lowest, and the third, consist mostly of lapilla (light, porous stones), and are so hard and compact that the cavities around the objects cannot be filled with plaster, and the impression taken in the manner already described. This can only be done in the second or next to the lowest stratum, and also in the fourth or upper, since these consist, the former of scorize or einders alone, and the latter of scorie mixed with lapillae.

The last excavations on this via are mostly of shops, opening directly upon the street, and of private dwellings, the entrances to which are generally between the shops.

Two of these residences are very interesting, one especially, from the case containing written tablets found in what was evidently an upper chamber, over the northern portice of the peristyle.

The wooden box (square, 0.70 metre on each side) was quite charred, and soon fell to dust, but the tablets inside, although also carbonized, were well preserved, and arranged in an orderly manner, one over the other. They are all of wood (about one hundred and twenty by ninety millimetres), and arranged in threes.* The first and sixth pages served as covers, and are without writing. Around these a cord evidently passed. The second page is waxed and protected in its four margins by a raised cornice. The third is divided into two columns, but not waxed, and therefore without the raised cornice, as unneces-

The house in which the tablets were found is supposed by Professor de Petra to have been the residence of a banker, and one of means, since the fourth part of his credit, as recorded in the tablets, was already a million of sesterces (about forty thousand dollars). The marbles, frescoes, and adornments of the dwelling evince wealth and taste. Here was found a remarkably life-like portrait-bust in bronze, which now, with its pedestal, stands in the bronze-room of the Naples Museum. One of the large frescoes represents Ariadne abandoned by Theseus; another is a hunting-scene, in which are lions, deer, goats, and a cat! There are also "The Judgment of Paris" and several beautiful heads in oval form, apparently portraits, perhaps of members of the family, done by some Pompeian Copley!

Opposite is the house, in front of which its faithful guardian the dog was found, now in the museum. Had he escaped the stream of Vesuvius ashes he would have suffered less, but would have lost this plaster immortality In the peristylium of this fine dwelling a halfbust of a man, about sixty years of age, was found, injured in the nose, chin, and ear. The chief ornament of this dwelling is a grandiose fresco, representing Orpheus, colossal in size, playing on a harp, and descending a flight of stone steps, followed by a lion on one side and a tiger on the other, while below are a boar and fawn, all evidently entranced by the music. The face of Orpheus is very fine. In the dining-room is represented a temple containing a burning sacrificial altar, directly over which a full-length figure of Diana is seen, while higher above Minerva is hovering. The decorations in another room are in the Egyptian style; there are figures of warriors, an ibis, and a landscape, in which is a Hermes of Priapus.

The last house excavated contains a small bakery. In the corner of one room is a cistern, and opposite a small marble temple, which contained a little statuette of Venus decorated with tiny armlets and anklets of pure gold. The goddess seems to be trying to remove one of the anklets. The statuette has been placed in the bronze collection of the Naples Museum. In this same Pompeian house there is a beautiful fresco representing tall plants growing from behind a balustrade; birds nestle among the verdure, and above are two side-terraces adorned with vases and animals. In another room is a fine Hercules landing in ancient Sicily. A half-injured fresco represents men struggling with serpents, a bull careering, while one man lies dead in the arena, and the spectators of the conflict look on tranquilly from their seats. The other rooms are mostly adorned with paintings of

A neighboring shop is frescoed with charming little vignettes, one of Mercury and Bacchus, another of Venus and Cupid angling, with good luck, evidently, as the large fish are seen in the clear water dangling from their lines. There is Cupid in a variety of graceful actions, now playing on a lute, now eating grapes with a comrade, on whom a little dog has put his forelegs, begging to share in the repast. In another vignette Cupid is seen playing the tibia, now the horn, and again he is astride of a dolphin on the sea, carrying a letter to some love-lorn, green-crowned deity.

On the sides of many of the shops on the street are inscriptions written in irregular red characters on the stucco.

In another of the recently-excavated buildings is an admirably-arranged kitchen, in which a deep, bronze, and perfectly clean boiler (as it might well be after its long cleansing with ashes), still remains. Below it is a large opening for the fire. The whole arrangement of the kitchen suggests that an apartment in one of these Pompeian houses would furnish more comfortable culinary conveniences than are often to be found in the modern Italian "palaces." The court is adorned with a marble fountain (there was a faun, through whose mouth the water fell, but it has been removed to the Naples Museum), and a white-marble table. The inner room contains three large marble tanks, and the opening for the water-pipes which filled them is seen. On the side of the wall are caricature frescoes. Among these is a wounded man demanding justice, and the fete of the dyers is represented. For the establishment is supposed to have been a dyeing and cleansing house, and a quantity of a substance which, when analyzed, proved to be soap, was found in an adjoining small room.

Returning from the Via Stabia, we pass along the silent, disclosed streets, sometimes crossing them on the wide stepping - stones made for the convenience of Pompeian pedestrians, and between which the deep ruts made by the chariot-wheels show the width of the vehicles, that must have been numerous and heavy to have hollowed such deep grooves. We cannot resist, from time to time, entering the tessellated and fountain-adorned courts of some of the largest dwellings, to feast our eyes upon the graceful, natural frescoes still remaining, often in vivid colors, to show us the superiority of artists who, untrammeled, gave free play to their fancy, in representations of the then existing human life, of the scenes they often witnessed, or of the deities and the legends connected with them, that their religion taught them to believe.

Unconscious that they were painting as much for those living in the nineteenth century as for the Pompeiaus of their times, their wise choice of the subjects most familiar to them has resulted in their works being almost like photographic representations of the customs and religion of the epoch. Suppose, however, that the Naples of the present day should be buried under showers of cinders from Vesuvius (as the last eruption slightly threatened), and after two thousand years should be excavated, how few of the paintings and works of art that would be found would give any idea of the present Neapolitan mode of life! For the interests of the future antiquarians and historians, though only of the next century, it would be well if artists would more frequently use their talents in representing the scenes of every-day life about them, in which there is often a picturesque and poetic side, even in the simplest groups. Naples, especially, most interesting and char-

sary. Each of these six-paged tablets has perforations in the margin, through which passed two cords, which were tied on the back of the libretto, in two knots. Another, around the cover, held the three tablets tightly together. The waxed pages are almost illegible, as the wax was absorbed by the wood, and thus the writing has disappeared; but, the third page being written with ink, the characters are perfectly recognizable. The contents are all contracts of loans and quittances of payment. The contract is written on the fourth and fifth pages, while on the third are the names of the witnesses, to the number of from five to nine. The tablets have been carefully carried to the National Museum at Naples, and are being studied and arranged in the papyrus section. A few of them have been already placed in the papyrus cases for

^{• &}quot;Bulletino dell' Instituto di Corrispondenza Artheologica," Luglio, 1875.

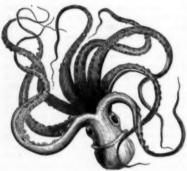
acteristic incidents are constantly taking place in the streets, along the shore, in the markets and egfés, of which a skillful artist could easily avail himself, not only to show Neapolitan life, but to express many a humane thought, grotesque fancy, or beautiful conception!

C. L. WILLS.

Science, Inbention, Discobery.

THE OCTOPUS.

UP to date of the publication of Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," the popular belief in the existence of the so-called devil-fish was founded chiefly on the old and



Common Poulpe (Octopus vulgaris).

extravagant legends of the kraken. This monster was represented in early geographies as of a size so immense as to grasp and pull beneath the waves a large-sized sailing-vessel. Although it was deemed hardly probable that so distinguished an author as Hugo would venture to introduce, even in a work of fiction, a purely imaginary sea-monster, yet so graphic and startling was the description given of the devil-fish that, but for subsequent and authoritative verification of its dimensions, the reader might still feel prone to regard it as simply a novel conception of a marine hero. It is to several of the most



Octopus tuberculata

recent of these trustworthy descriptions of the octopus that attention is now directed, and since the subject is one the consideration of which has found a large space in the latest

natural-history journals, we feel that no apology is needed for referring to it in a department devoted to scientific information, A recent authority describes the actopus as a cephalopod mollusk, having a round, purselike body, without fins, and eight arms, united at the base by a web, by opening and shutting which it swims backward, after the manner of jelly-fishes; each arm has a double alternate series of suckers, by which the prey is secured or the body moored to the submarine rocks. The accompanying illustrations will serve to convey a clear idea as to the general form and structure of these creatures, of which there are more than forty species. Though, as will be seen by subsequent references, these creatures grow to an astounding size, yet their average dimensions are not such as to excite special remark. The common poulpe (Octopus vulgaris) is found principally in the temperate seas, and has a body about the size of a clinched fist, the arms extending to three or four feet. The species known as the Octopus tuberculata makes its home in the Mediterranean, and its dimensions are about the same as those above given. Its flesh is at times used for food, and may be purchased in the markets of Naples and Smyrna. The Octopus Bairdii, named by Professor Verrill after our distinguished naturalist, Professor Baird, was discovered in the deep waters of the Bay of Fundy. None of these are described as being of great size, though they prove none the less interesting to the naturalist, who finds form and structure rather than bulk the chief features of interest and study.

Turning now from this necessarily brief notice of these three species, we will direct attention to certain recent statements regarding the gigantic cuttle-fish which have from time to time been found in the waters about Newfoundland. For the most full and satisfactory accounts of these sea-monsters, we are indebted to Rev. Mr. Harvey, of St. John, and all recent writers on the subject stand ready to accord to this gentleman every honor for the zeal and labor he has bestowed in obtaining trustworthy information on the subject.

In a paper on the "Devil-Fish," which appeared in the Journal, January 31, 1874, extended space was given to Mr. Harvey's observations, and especially to his graphic description of one of these sea-monsters, which was captured in Conception Bay, near Portugal Cove. Special interest and importance are attached to this specimen, since there was actually secured and is now preserved in the local museum a portion of one of the arms of the monster. As it is possible that our readers may fail to recall the many facts regarding the devil-fish as presented in the paper mentioned, and also for the reason that in the treatment of all natural-history subjects the presence of graphic illustrations are a great aid to the written word, we are prompted to again notice Mr. Harvey's description of his prize. It appears that two fishermen, while out in a small boat, were attracted by some object moving in the water near them. Their first impression seems to have been that it was a large sail or the débris of a wreck. The men rowed toward it,

and, when near enough, one of them struck it with his gaff. Immediately it showed signs of life and reared a parrot-like beak, with which it struck the bottom of the boat vio-



An Octopus crawling.

lently. It then shot out from about its head two huge, livid arms, and began to twine them about the boat. One of the men then seized an axe, and, striking the arms as they lay across the gunwale of the boat, severed them from the body. The creature then moved off, surrounded by an inky cloud, which was caused by the ejection of a black fluid. It is one of these arms that now is preserved in alcohol, and which has been described by Mr. Harvey as follows:

"It measured nineteen feet, is of a palepink color, and entirely cartilaginous, tough and pliant as leather, and very strong. It is but three inches and a half in circumference, except toward the extremity, where it broadens like an oar to six inches in circumference, and then tapers to a pretty fine point. The under surface of the extremity is covered with suckers to the very point. First there is a cluster of small suckers, with fine, sharp teeth round their edges, and with a membrane stretched across each. Of these there are about seventy. Then come two rows of very large suckers, the movable disk of each an inch and a quarter in diameter, the cartilaginous ring not being denticulated. These are twenty-four in number. After these there is another group of suckers with denticulated edges, similar to the first, about fifty in number. Along the under surface about



Octopus Bairdii (life-size).

fifty more small suckers are distinguished at intervals, making in all about one hundred and eighty suckers. The men estimate that they left at least ten feet of the arm attached length:
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to the body of the fish, so that its original leagth must have been thirty-five feet."

In describing the breathing-organs, as well as those designed for ejecting the inky fluid, the writer states that connected with the body is a funnel, through which the water is ejected after the extraction of its oxygen by the breathing-organs. This funnel runs the estire length of the body. It serves another suppose: when the water is forcibly ejected by the reaction of the surrounding medium, the fish moves backward with great swiftness, while the forward motion is accomplished by the movements of its tail. There is a second funel, through which the inky fluid which it secretes is ejected when the creature wishes to escape from its pursuers.

We might add to this description those of many other observers, but in so doing we should be compelled to merely retrace the ground so thoroughly gone over by the writer of eur former communication. Should our readers, however, find the subject of sufficient scientific interest to command more careful consideration, we would refer them to the hore-mentioned paper; also to the American Naturalist for January and February, 1878, and to Silliman's Journal for February and March of the same year, the latter being extended and exhaustive accounts of these creatures from the pen of Professor Verrill.

A correspondent of the Tribune, writing from Virginia City, Nevada, gives the following account of the great flume through which timber is floated from the slopes of the Sierra Nevada down to the mills at their base. This fume is the property of several of the great mining companies of that region. It is fifteen miles in length, and shaped like a letter V, being made of two-inch plank nailed together. Its width across the top is two and one-half feet. "It is built wholly upon trestle - work and stringers; there is not a cut in the whole distance, and the grade is so heavy that there is little danger of a jam. The trestle-work is very substantial, and is undoubtedly strong enough to support a narrow-gauge railway. It runs over foot-hills, through valleys, around mountains, and across canons. In one place it is seventy feet high. The highest point of the flume from the plain is three thousand seven hundred feet, and on an air-line from beginning to end the distance is eight miles, the course thus taking up seven miles in twists and turns. The trestle-work is thoroughly braced longitudinally and across, so that no break can extend farther than a single box, which is sixteen feet. All t nain supports, which are five feet apart, and firmly set in mud-sills, and the boxes or troughs rest in brackets four feet apart. These again rest upon substantial stringers. The grade of the fume is between sixteen hundred and two thousand feet from top to bottom-a distance, as previously stated, of fifteen miles. The sharpest fall is three feet in six. There are two reservoirs from which the flume is fed: one is eleven hundred feet long, and the other six hundred feet. A ditch nearly two miles long takes the water to the first reservoir, whence it is conveyed three and one-quarter miles to the flume through a feeder capable of carrying four hundred and fifty inches of water. The whole flume was built in ten weeks. In that time all the trestle-work, tringers, and boxes, were put in place. About two hundred men were employed on it at one

time, being divided into four gangs. It required two million feet of lumber, but the item which astonished me most was that there were twenty-eight tons, or fifty-six thousand pounds, of nails used in the construction of this flume."

OUR readers will recall the illustrated description recently given in these columns of Mr. Griffith's plan for protecting the screws of propellers by means of an iron casing. Certain favorable results, obtained by the trial of her majesty's steamer Bruiser, were then noticed and commented upon. We have now at hand still more favorable accounts from the same quarter, which justify our action in choosing this invention as the subject of a special illustrated description. In noticing the result of these further trials, the English Mechanic states that not only is an increased speed obtained, but in addition the vessel is more easily steered, and there is little or no vibration felt, while it is next to impossible to foul the screw. Another and, in one sense, most important fact was also discovered while the Bruiser was at sea-viz., that, when pitching in heavy seas, the engines worked as smoothly as in fine weather, the cause being attributable to to the fact that when the stern is lifted the casing holds a quantity of water which offers sufficient resistance to the motion of the propeller to prevent the engines racing.

We have the last news from the Alert and Discovery which we shall receive for many a month. This word comes by her majesty's steamship Valorous, which acted as consort to the arctic ships, and parted with them at Disco July 17th. From English sources we learn that the Discovery will probably winter in latitude 82° north, while the Alert will push on to 84° north, if possible. Should no land be in sight to the northward of Grinnell Land, Captain Nares will winter close in-shore and endeavor to push northward the following summer. But, should land be sighted to the north, the Alert will be taken this fall to as high a latitude as possible. Should the expedition not return before 1877, a relief-ship will then be dispatched from England.

Dr. Paul Jolly, in a recent work on tobacco and absinthe, gives the following table as showing the percentage of nicotine to be found in tobacco obtained from the several sources indicated: The percentage of nicotine from tobaccos of the Levant, Greece, and Hungary, is 0.00; in those of Arabia, Havana, and Paraguay, 2.00; Maryland, 2.29; Alsace, 3.81; Pas-de-Culais, 4.96; Kentucky, 6.09; L'Illeet-Vilaine, 6.20; Nord, 6.58; Virginia, 6.87; Lot-et-Garonne, 7.34; Lot, 7.36.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

WE find in Countess von Bothmer's pictures of "German Home-Life" an additional interesting fact or two in regard to the social customs of the people:

Cosmetics, paints, and washes, auricomous fluids and Tyrian dyes, have not as yet entered into German home-life. But among the "upper ten" they are as popular in Germany as elsewhere. Personal remarks are not, as with us, considered ill-bred. On the contrary, they are almost de riqueur. If you do not

admire loudly and openly, you will disappoint your friends; and they will think their effect is not good, and that all their efforts have been in vain. "Nein! aber wie schön!" says a friend to you; and, while you modestly reply, "No, really; but you are yourself charming, the same reciprocities will be passing all around you. No lady hesitates to ask where you got your gown, and how much it cost the ell. A friend of mine once traveled from the Dan of the north to the Beersheba of the south in a gray-tweed water-proof costume; and in every railway-carriage she entered during the journey she was asked the price of the dress, the name of the material, and whence it came. With the reply, "From England," the unfailing remark, "Das hab' ich mir schon gleich gedacht," showed the appreciative faculty of the gentle questioners; but the price outraged them. To spend such a sum on a mere traveling-dress-on a dress that was to keep you warm, and dry, and comfortable; that was light, and water-tight, and almost untearable-seemed to them an altogether unpardonable extravagance.

German women are almost entirely without personal vanity. Their solicitude about their clothes, the time spent in talking toilet, has its pathetic as well as its twaddling side. One may read beneath the talk of tags and rags, of chignons and chiffons, a very real and a very painful humility. What in our haste we may take for vanity, is just the reverse of it. This very anxiety as to appearance, this wearisome discussion of sumptuary details, betrays a want of self-confidence, of self-reliance, almost of self-respect, that at once grieves and depresses the outsider. They have no confidence in themselves, no belief in being able to please but by virtue of their coverings; their dress must do it, not they; a German girl would expect a man to fall in love with her, if at all, when she has her best gown on; the gown counts for so much more, to her humble mind, than the body and the soul inside it. The very words Putz, geputzt, have an emi-nently displeasing ring of tawdriness about them, suggestive of incongruous frippery and

Dress ceases to be a pleasure when it becomes a source of strifes and envyings. The life of the ordinary German woman is, perhaps, above all others, calculated to develop that faculty for "the infinitely little" which reduces existence to the dead-level of Philistinism, and to encourage that mean, personal estimate of things which Goethe inveighs against as the Gemeinheit des Lebens. In this spirit women, otherwise really amiable and estimable, will tear a toilet to tatters, pry, inspect, cavil, and condemn, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause throughout a whole afternoon.

Men in Germany are rarely seen out of uniform; when they are, it is greatly to their disadvantage. Yet such is the inconsistency of human nature that nothing affords a young officer so much delight as to elude the vigilance of his Vorgesetzten, and appear at a pienic or on an excursion en civil. In Germany, where every one is a soldier first and a man afterward (very much afterward), the freedom granted to our plungers and friskers to promenade along Piccadilly or down the shady side of Pall Mall in garments eloquent of Poole is unknown. The most audacious of Moltke's heroes would scarcely dare to pass under the nose of his superior officer in non-military garments. Sooth to say, the travesty is not telling. The young man's legs, which looked straight in uniform, appear stiff now; his waist, which is accustomed to the belted

sword, seems wanting in balance and compression; his well-squared shoulders appear clamoring for the epaulets; his hand gropes for the sword-hilt: he can searcely be expected to carry an umbrella (that weapon so dear to the heart of the Briton), and his swagger seems inappropriate shorn of sabre and stock. On the whole, he has very much the appearance of a petit épicier endimanché. The clothes, being only taken out at rare and distant intervals, usually belong to a past fashion, and, being worn surreptitiously, with frequent glancings round corners lest generals should be lying in ambush, with three days' Zimmerarrest for the youthful irregularity of costume. there is a want of case and dignity disastrous to the effect of the young man's conquering charms. He was very handsome in his uniform. Why didn't he stay in it?

THE last Temple Bar has an article with the somewhat vulgar title of "Shylock the Jew-ed," in which the writer attempts to show that Shylock was a persecuted man, and the law of the famous trial bad law:

It has been contended that Shakespeare was a lawyer's clerk. If so-Heaven defend me from such a lawyer as taught him! The doge, having all Venice to choose from for an assessor (if he wanted one), affronts his own city and its bar by sending to Padua for the " learned Bellario," who, being sick, sends in his stend a young doctor from Rome-in fact, Portis, disguised. Now, I do hope there was no consultation between these two. I would rather suppose, for Bellario's credit as a lawyer, that Portia forged that letter, and evolved those miserable quibbles, which she pleaded afterward, out of her inward consciousness. She is accepted as assessor, and immediately "sits upon" the court-not in the technical sense as becoming a member herself, but in the slang meaning of those two words. She snubs and suppresses it, instanter! The doge is extinguished. She states the law, and how? There is no contest as to the making of the bond, or its forfeiture; but this extraordinary principle is stated: A man who is entitled to cut a pound of living flesh may not shed a drop of blood, because there is no mention of blood in the bond. Omne majorem in se minorem continct-the greater includes the lesssays a mixim of law older than Venice. Permission to take a thing involves a grant of the necessary ways and means to take it. Both parties had agreed that the flesh was to be It could not be cut without shedding blood. Therefore, they had agreed (by presumption) to shed blood, if the cutting took place. But you may say there is to be no presumption: Shylock stuck to the letter of his bond, Good! Then Shylock might have turned the tables and said, "The bond does not contain any thing about bleeding. You (Antonio) have got to yield me a pound of flesh without any blood. If you choose to bleed, so much the worse for you." What would Madame Assessor have had in reply to this? But she does not stop here. She says, "If thou takest more or less than a just pound ... thou diest," Why? Surely a debtor may take less than his due. If you owe me five shillings, can any power on earth prevent me from accepting four and sixpence? Why, before Portia comes in they beg and pray Shylock to forego the whole of his penalty! thus admitting that he was not without discretion as to the extent to which he would press his remedy. "Take the sum twice told," urges Portia, "and bid me tear the bond." If he

could give up the whole of the penalty, he could certainly give up a part. He could have taken half an ounce of flesh if he pleased, but would have had no right to cut and come again. His remedy would have been exhausted. He was entitled to cut as much as he pleased less than a pound. He was entitled to all the blood, bone, sinew, fibre, and what not, which that flesh contained as component and necessary parts thereof—and they jewed him out of it.

Nor is this all the bad law and worse logic in the case. After having intimidated Shylook out of his penalty, they not only refuse him his principal, but decide that he has incurred the penalty of death and loss of all his goods, because, being an alien, he has sought the life of a citizen of Venice. Sought the life? There was nothing about life in the bond. Be consistent, most learned judge. If you presume that cutting a pound of flesh nearest a man's heart involves, by necessity, his life-what about the blood quibble, thou Daniel, come to judgment ? The shedding of blood is involved, by necessity, too. You would not let the Jew have, by implication, Von the blood; why, then, charge him by implication with the life? Why spring this idea at the end, instead of the beginning of the trial, if there were any thing in it? There was nothing in it. Shylock had not, "by direct or indirect attempt," sought the life of any citizen. An "attempt" is an act-not a wish or a thought-a something done, the natural consequence of which will be the thing prohibited. Shylock never made any such "at-tempt." They would not let him. They beat him out of it. And, when he gave in, and threw down his knife in obedience to their bad law, they turned round on him and said, "Oh, you've attempted the life of a citizen!" The poor doge cuts in like one of the great unpaid of modern days, whose clerk has been deciding something for him, and is immediately snubbed by Portia. Half the Jew's wealth is forfeited to the state, and half to Antonio, who never paid his bond, but who graciously (?)

makes his share over to the man who ought to be in jail for abduction and larceny, upon condition of Shylock becoming a Christian What a curious estimate he must have formed of Christians' ways! If he were the man we usually take him to be, he would have got christened straightway, in order to take advantage of such admirable dodges for doing people out of their rights. I do not think he did so. I fancy he had put something away where they could not get at it. Assigned it to Tubal, or some one upon trust. I fancy that he and Antonio went into business together when the fuss had blown over, and that the latter got rich out of the sharp usury of his sleeping partner. How Jessica spent all her ill-got wealth on monkeys and what not. and ran away with Gratiano, is not recorded in the play; but be sure that was the sequel. I dare say she went back to her old father in the end. and was forgiven. So good a hater must have loved well. He loved his daugh-ter-and his ducats too! Well, what else had he to love? The squalid Ghetto wherein he was forced to live? the yellow badge of scorn he was compelled to wear? the fine gentlemen who cursed him in their prosperity and cringed to him in their need? or the fine ladies who made justice into a masquerade, blew hot and cold as it suited them, and ruined him ? Horrible! for a Jew to love money; but quite right for his daughter to steal it, and give it to her gentleman (f) lover. Horrible! for a Jew to contemplate the cutting of a pound of human flesh in revenge for filthy outrage; but quite correct for two gallants to carve each other all over in a dispute about the color of a lady's eyes! Had Shylock lived in these days, the strength of his disposition would have gained him distinction. Nothing short of being Archbishop of Canterbury or lord-chancellor would have been out of his reach. He would have earned the eternal gratitude of mankind by carrying a bill for the total suppression of street-music, have subscribed largely to all sorts of charities, been made a baronet, and have died full of years and honor.

Motices.

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